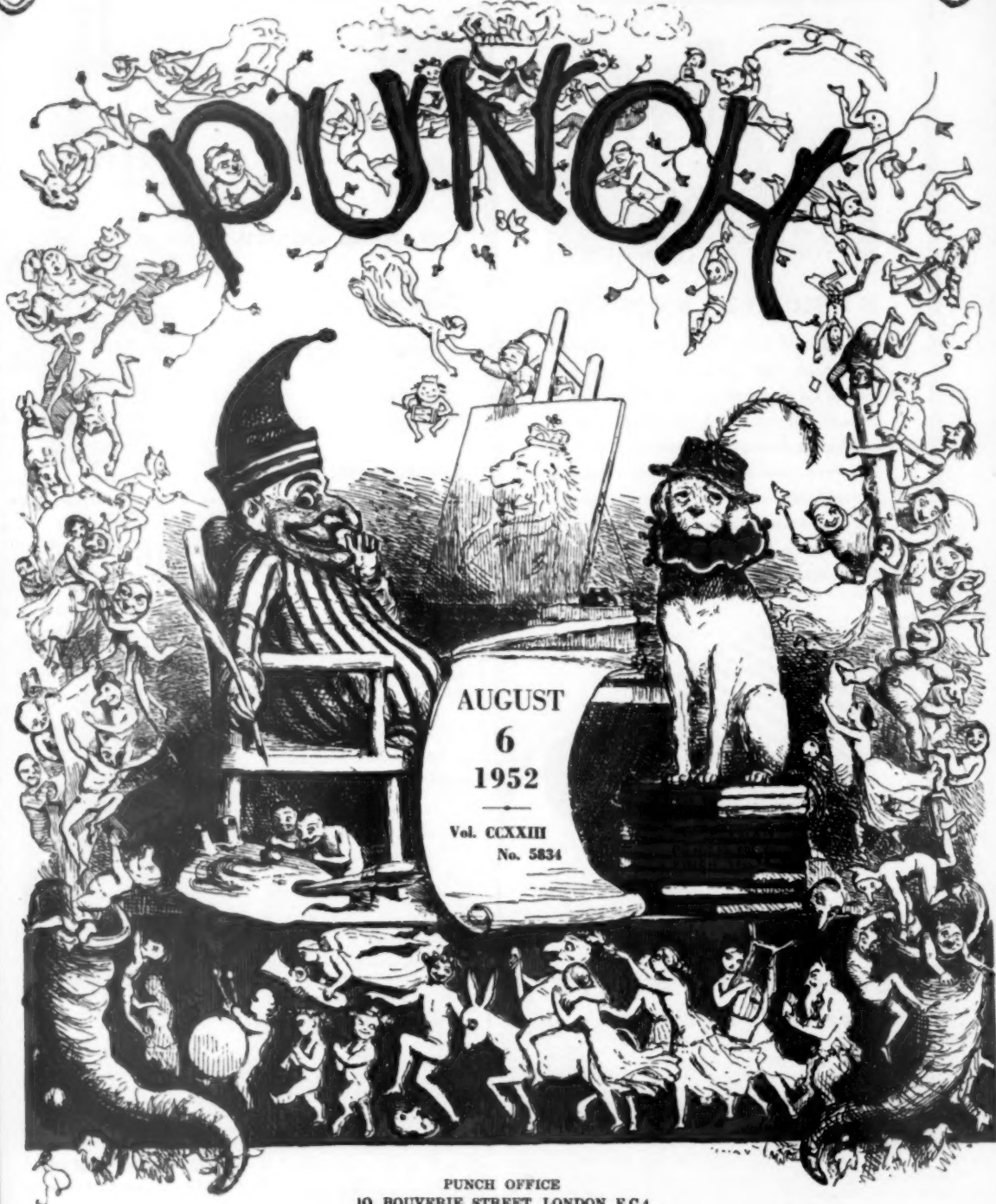


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PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARTER—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6 1952

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BY ROYAL COMMAND

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cigarettes for Virginia smokers

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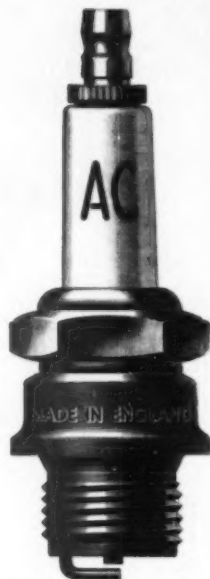
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From very early times, English Kings and Queens have been associated with the Turf, yet the oldest race of all in the present Calendar was founded by a Scottish King, William the Lion (1168-1214). Called the Lanark Silver Bell, this race is now over 750 years old, and is still run every summer. The winner's original trophy was a spherical silver bell just like a modern sleigh bell. Cups, Plates and Handicaps everyone has heard of—the Lanark Silver Bell is much more unusual. It is not, however, unique, for the Carlisle Bell race has a similar trophy. This was a small gold bell that was presented to Lady Desce in the reign of Good Queen Bess. Incidentally, this provides the first recorded instance of a woman taking an interest in racing. Winning owners of each race receive replicas of the original bell. In 1951 the Lanark winner received £800 and Carlisle winner £345.



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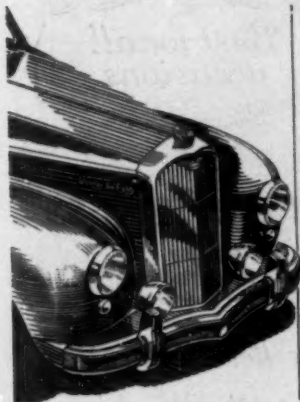
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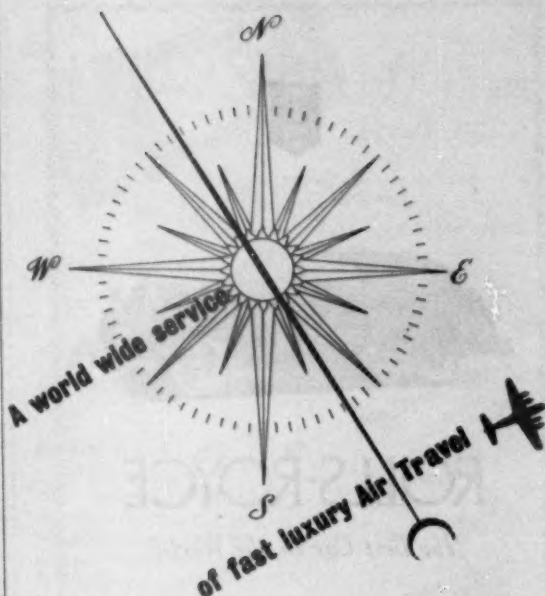
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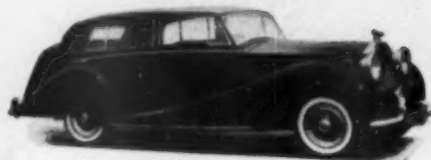
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one of the great days that happen just once in a lifetime... what better way to express all that you feel than by giving a fine Swiss watch? ... to make sure you choose a watch that will be treasured far into the years to come...

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... the only watch of its kind; richly encased in protective pigskin or crocodile, with hinged strut for bedside use. Large and baby model—both right for a man's pocket or a lady's handbag; wound by hand or automatically as you open and shut the case.

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Now your bicycle's all over my towel!

Young men of every generation are slow to realise how difficult it is to remove grime by washing. The housewife, looking at her towels, has needed little telling. Within recent years sodium phosphates have come to her help. New washing powders, anonymously containing Albright and Wilson phosphate products — although hardly abolishing washdays — are making clothes cleaner and whiter with much less effort on the housewife's part.



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How many times is this repeated before delivery to Customer?

3 MEN AND A HANDCART
Load, transport over 300 yds., and unload 5 cwt. in 25 minutes
Time per ton = 100 mins.
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COST - 11/-8^d per ton

ONE MAN & A "CONVEYANCER"
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Over 300 yds. 1 ton in 3 minutes
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PARTITIONS, FURNITURE
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Scruffy hair looks awful!
You can easily
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IS YOUR HAIR DRY, lifeless, untidy, brittle?
Do you find flakes of dandruff in your parting, on your collar? Then ten to one Dry Scalp has got you!

Oh, oh, — DRY SCALP

Dry, lifeless, untidy hair — just generally scruffy. Dry Scalp is enough to put anyone off. If you look like this you need 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic right away!

But take hope — a 20-second daily massage with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic ends Dry Scalp. (Remember — don't rub; work it in gently, moving the whole scalp.)

This economical hair dressing makes your hair look better, makes your scalp feel better. Get some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today! 2/9d. and 4/3d. (inc. tax).



That 20-second daily massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic certainly does make a difference. Your scalp feels better, and your hair looks better, when you end Dry Scalp. Get a bottle today!



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THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

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®"Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.



16th Century rag and chain mine pump using a handle of rope.

Pumping things in days of yore
Must have been a frightful bore
Imagine pumping Marmalade
before 'Ejectopumps'
were made.

COMPRESSED AIR OPERATED
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ESPECIALLY IN THE SUN

Millions are basking in the sun... with Nivea to give a smooth, even tan. No other cream makes such a difference to your skin... and your purse. 9-purpose Nivea means value for money

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keeps hands smooth as silk

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A MAN'S CREAM

particularly for nose & chin



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NIVEA contains Eucerite, a unique ingredient to replace the natural protective oils of the skin

What does this mean to you?

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TO THE NANNY OF
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IT MEANT THE PERFECT
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TO THE NANNY
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IT MEANS...

... a soothing, cooling powder which is perfectly harmless and may be used with safety on the most delicate infant or adult, particularly in cases of chafing or roughness of skin. Recommended for Prickly Heat.

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A delightful
sports blouse
at a moderate
price in 14
lovely colours.
Rain resistant
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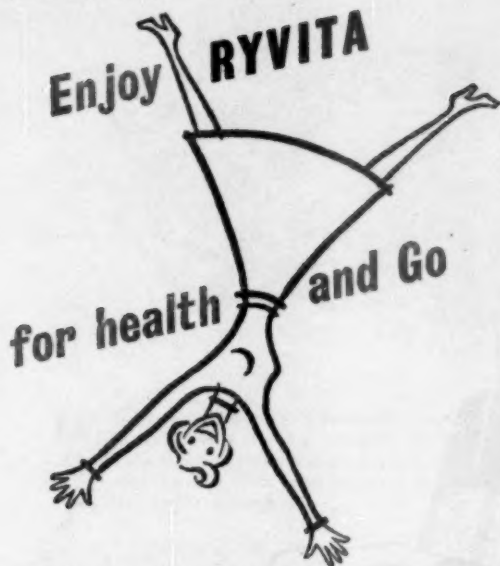
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CHANEL



Ups-a-daisy here comes me! Never felt so slim and fit! You enjoy health when you stick to munchy, crunchy Ryvita. Oh that energy-packed wholemeal rye is so good for you! Don't ever be without some on the table. Ryvita—from all good grocers.



By Appointment
Ryvita Manufacturers
to the late King George VI
Ryvita Co. Ltd.

SEE what's cooking

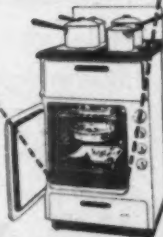
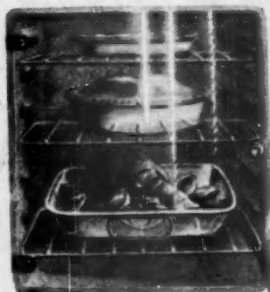
through the
glass door

Yes, you really can see what's cooking now! It's VISIBLE COOKING that makes Belling Electric Cookers so different and so popular — just look through the full size inner glass door and see exactly what's going on inside without losing heat or spoiling the food—it's all so easy and so economical and makes cooking a real pleasure.

At only £34.12.6 (no tax) the Belling #7AB costs no more than an ordinary cooker.

Full size inner glass door—it's armour plate, steam free and exclusive to Belling. Extra large oven with automatic heat control—just set it and leave it. Three Boiling Plates and Grill, large hot cupboard for plates and food—sparkling cream or white vitreous enamel. Hire Purchase terms available.

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"Belling" visible cooking

CRIC 118

Tea Merchants By Appointment to the late



King George VI and the late Queen Victoria

Economise and— drink BETTER TEA!

IF you can distinguish between "strength" and "flavour", you will find good blends of tea cost less to drink than "cheap" varieties!



Make this delightful experiment

For delicate yet pronounced flavour try Ridgways finest tea—"H.M.B." (Her Majesty's Blend), which yields a noble flavour and aroma. So a quarter at 1/3d. goes further than many a 'cheaper' tea, as well as being much more enjoyable. For a quick-brewing tea of richer colour and bolder flavour, ask for Ridgways "Delicious" Small Leaf at 1/3d. the quarter. They yield their delightful qualities to the full when brewed at normal strength. For all the enjoyment you are about to experience, you may find Ridgways less costly than the tea you use at present.



RIDGWAYS LTD., OF THE CITY OF LONDON, 190-214 OLD STREET

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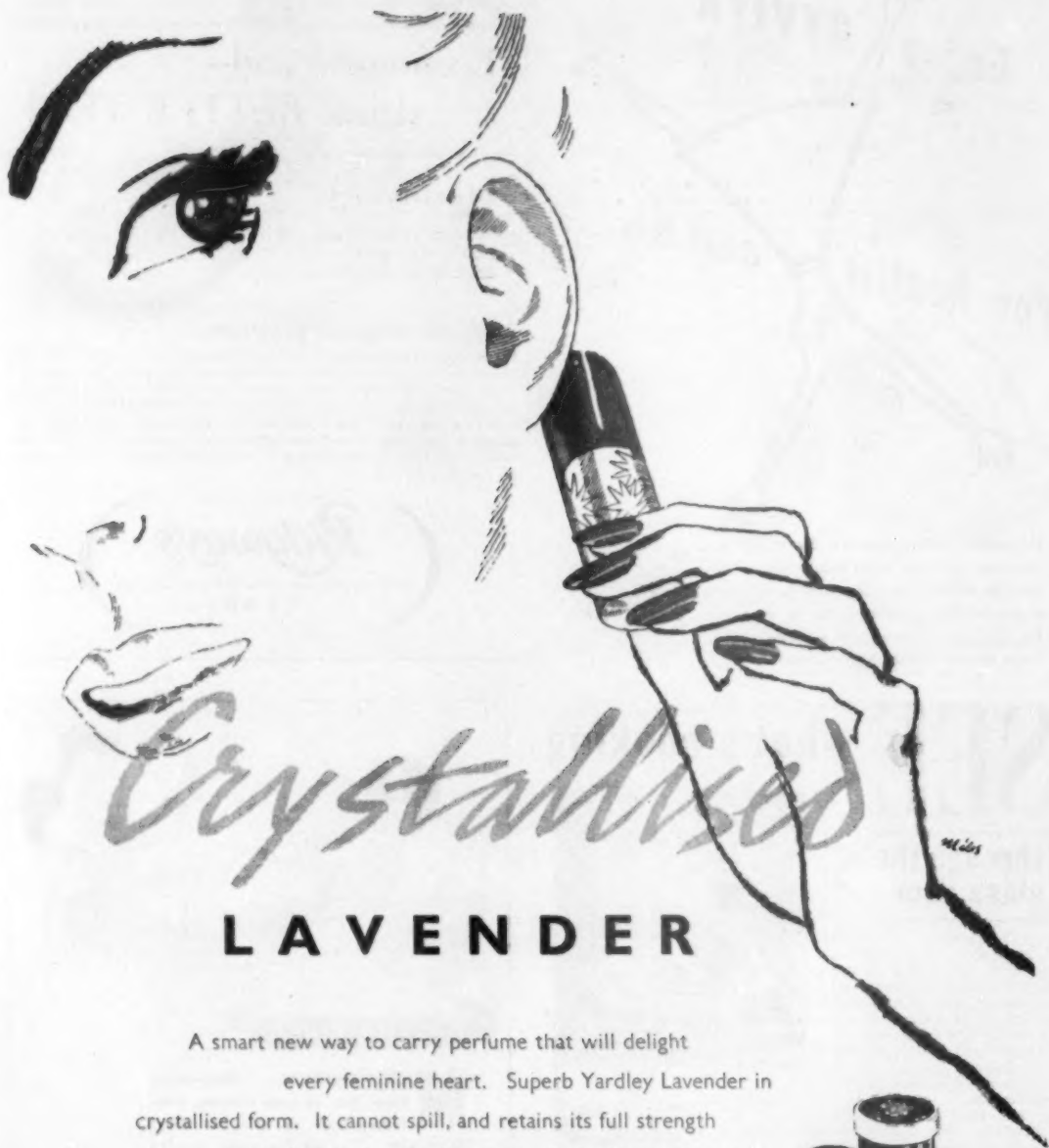


MICKEY LABOURS . . . Molly smiles,
Spurs him on with winsome wiles.
Taking care to have on board
'MAYFAIR' . . . for his great reward.

Always ask for **Mayfair**
PREMIÈRE

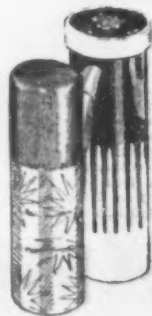
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MADE BY MAYFAIR PRODUCTS LTD., SUNDERLAND.



A smart new way to carry perfume that will delight
every feminine heart. Superb Yardley Lavender in
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to the last cool green fragment. Packed in an elegant
gift case for your handbag to go with you everywhere. 7/9

YARDLEY





OWING to restrictions by seaside authorities Bank Holiday crowds visiting coastal resorts last Monday found fewer commercial photographers on the promenade. Luckily, there were increased facilities for being done in oils on the beach.

The offer in the advertisement columns of *The Times* of a shrunken head for two hundred and fifty dollars has provoked an indignant letter to the Editor. In Peru twenty years ago, the writer declares, an Indian's head could be picked up for a couple of dollars, and a white man's for ten; "the price now asked in the advertisement would appear to be, therefore, approximately a hundred times what it used to be . . ." It certainly seems exorbitant. We can only think that the advertiser failed to make his proposition quite clear—he may be taking orders for particular heads.

Thieves who stole ninety thousand pounds' worth of paintings from the Museum of Modern Art in Paris are expected to plead ignorance of the pictures' value. Their defending counsel is hoping to subpoena Sir Alfred Munnings.

At a time when reliable information at first hand is vital to clear thinking on world events it is disturbing to find a newspaper directing its energies to the investigation of a contemporary's methods. A serious clouding

of readers' impressions must have resulted from the recent *Observer* report of an *Observer* reporter's interview with a *Daily Express* reporter about an interview he had reported in the *Daily Express*. Nor is the matter likely to rest there. How much more confused will readers become when the *Daily Express* sends a second reporter to interview the *Observer* reporter on his interview with the *Daily Express* reporter, and the *Observer* is obliged, in self-defence, to print its report on the report its reporter is reported to have reported?

From the foot of a leader column:

"TALKING POINT

Those who talk much never say anything."—*Boileau*
No comment.

It is understood that administrative heads of the B.B.C., until now cheerfully confident about the Corporation's chances in any forthcoming clash with commercial rivals, have fallen silent and thoughtful since Britain's defeat at football by Luxemburg.

The success of a shirt advertisement in which the model wears a patch over one of his eyes has rocked American publicity circles, and the deviser of the notion has been acclaimed Advertising Man of the Year. Now, according to a letter in an American magazine, a new toy duck designed for mass production



G



189



190

by a large toy firm will also have a patch over its eye. "The company expects to make five million of them, and I wouldn't be surprised," says the writer, "if cows and horses take up the fad." We can't speak for cows, but horses have been going one better than this for years.

We have been intrigued by the headline "Cigarette Ends in Bread," but still prefer cork.

The Minneapolis astronomer who claims to have discovered the smallest star ever seen has been overwhelmed with offers from Hollywood producers. They want it for grooming.

Speaking at the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Home Secretary, said that "a fireman must be a mechanic, a chemist, have a

ready acquaintance with many emergencies, and above all have the will to obey and the grit to endure until even the most punishing job is finished." Given all that, he's no good if he can't slide down a pole.

"It's all very well you saying that we should have complained to the head waiter, but we can never make out which one he is." This, from a letter from Cambridge, in answer to some recent advice to younger diners-out. So here is the course plotted across a West End restaurant; and remember, the waiters are all members of a club who stand to benefit from pleasing you. First, the receptionist. He takes you to your table, should give you a smile, and turns you over to a brother in tips called the 'station' waiter. It is he who gives you the menu, takes your order and has five to seven other tables. Your own special waiter is a *chef du rang*, and the man who actually serves you a *commis du rang*. The whole lot of them share your tips from the pool or 'tronic.' The 'station' waiter in a good restaurant seldom makes less than £1,000 a year. So don't give more than ten per cent. The Catering Wages Act looks after them.

This is the champagne season of the year, and although prices have . . . —*The Tatler*.

Sorry. Would you think us too awful if we asked you to point?

WOLF WAR IN WESTERN GERMANY?

THE news that a hundred-pound wolf, measuring six feet three inches from fang to tail and standing two feet ten inches high at the shoulder, has been shot on the British Army training-ground near Münster is probably the first intimation to most people in this country of a new horror that has been threatening the Allies in Western Germany since shortly after the war ended.

Shepherds and farm labourers from many places around the Lüneberger Heide have long been reporting mysterious depredations resembling those of wolves, and losses to cattle and sheep have been considerable. Villagers I have interviewed tell me that they are kept awake all night by sounds of vicious baying such as wolf-packs make on their nightly raids. The Germans had long considered the wolf menace a thing of the past. Now they are beginning to ask uneasily why it should have broken out again at this of all times.

Recently I spent twelve hours in an armoured car on the Lüneberger Heide studying this problem at first hand, and the conclusion I have come to is a startling and disquieting one.

Wolves are being dropped by air on Western Germany from Russian aircraft.

I am not able to reveal all my sources of information, but what I have learnt adds up to a detailed, and I may say a sinister, story. Reports of activity by wolves first began to come in soon after Marshal Zhukov was taken from the Russian

Komandatura at Potsdam and posted to Odessa, though there is not necessarily any reason to connect these two events. In almost every instance where wolves were reported, aircraft had been heard flying over the area affected within a day or two previous to the report.

An interesting point is that no trace has ever yet been found of any parachute or other apparatus by which the wolves could have been dropped. A study of the latest developments in zoological warfare makes it clear why this should be so. Of the two methods most likely to be used by the Russians in dropping wolves on the Lüneberger Heide, neither involves the use of a parachute.

The first method, on which it is known the Russians were working at the time of the abortive Finnish campaign of 1940, involves dropping the animals in explosive containers. In practice this was found to be unsatisfactory because wolves were not sufficiently resistant to the explosion and were liable to become damaged in the process.

The second method, which may by now have completely superseded



the first, uses trained Alsatian dogs. These dogs are allowed to run with the wolves in the vast military wolf-parks known to exist in the region north of the Semipalatinsk uplands in eastern Kazakh until dogs and wolves are completely accustomed to one another. The wolves are dropped on to the target-area in specially-designed wolf-gliders, each of which contains also one trained dog. When the wolves have all left the glider, the dog barks a signal into a specially-designed wireless transmitter, informing the parent aircraft that the drop has been successful. The aircraft then returns and picks up the glider by means of specially-designed hooks on the fuselage.

I can reveal that the West Germans are taking energetic measures to keep this new terror in check. Whenever unidentified aircraft are heard flying over the Lüneberger Heide at night, the next day is made a holiday for all schools, and the children are formed up into bands to beat the Heath and round up any wolves they may start. It is a heartening sight to see these fresh-faced young defenders of their fatherland setting out in the first grey light of day, armed only with the knives and forks which are the sole hunting weapons permitted in occupied Germany.

Their method is a simple one. They carry with them supplies of meat, which in the Allied Zones is unrationed. Attracting the attention of the hungry beasts by giving the wolf-whistle at which they have all become adept, they throw the meat, which has been treated with wolf's-bane, to the wolves and wait until it has taken effect. The bodies of the wolves are then taken to the nearest village where the pelts are removed and sold for salvage.

From the *Bürgermeister* of Wolfenbüttel I have obtained a long statement giving details of over six hundred authenticated captures of Russian wolves, some with the snow still on their paws. There is not space to print it here, but it is hoped that those interested will be able to see the document in the library of Canterbury Cathedral, where I propose to send it.

B. A. YOUNG



"Well, somebody has taken the Queen's shilling!"

THE SONG OF THE GONGS

NOWHERE beats the gong so proudly
As along the esplanade!
Low at first, and then more loudly
Throbs the brazen cannonade—
Seaview, Windermere, The Granville,
Clarendon and Ocean Spray,
One by one they swell the Anvil
Chorus rolling round the bay.

Varied are the voices pealing
O'er the quickly-cooling sands—
Bellerue's tones are full of feeling.
Calm and gracious are the *Grand's*;
Infinitely soft the *Galway's*,
Salty-sharp the *Ship Hotel's*,
While from less distinguished
hallways
Steals the sound of little bells.

Pulsing with polite insistence
Duchess drums her diners in;
Dimly *Dormy* in the distance
Calls the golfer from his gin;
Crouched behind the coastguard
station
Mournfully *Balmoral* booms
Warnings of a cold collation
To its ninety-seven rooms.

Now the gongs more faintly mutter,
Out to sea their thunder rolls;
Still'd the din that caused a
flutter
In a hundred sea-gulls' souls.
Hark! Unhindered by the others,
Braemar beats a lone tattoo,
Just to show its braggart brothers
What a boarding-house can do.

POLITICAL PREDICTION

ANY attempt to explain the complexities of British Politics is bound to lead to over-simplification. The one thing that can be confidently asserted about the next Election is that its date is still unknown. Some commentators would go as far as to say that it will so remain for a considerable time. All else is mere speculation. Much may happen between now and then.

The prospects of a dramatic rise in the Liberal vote are much as usual, in heavily industrialized areas rather more so. One possibility, not to be discounted, is that shrewd, lawyer-like Clem Davies may throw the Liberal vote behind one or other of the main parties in the course of electoral bargaining. What can be discounted is the possibility that it would stay where it was thrown.

The darkest horse at the moment is Silas Fagg, who is living quietly in retirement at Shanklin. In a recent Press release he announced "I have never taken, and do not intend to take, any part whatever in politics, local or national. I have no political views and my whole horizon is bounded by the desire to break myself of smoking." Fears have been expressed by both Conservative and Labour Headquarters that a Centre Party might form round Fagg. Any such move would be strongly resisted by the Tobacco Lobby. Wiseacres claim that Clem Davies has offered Fagg forty London seats in return for neutrality in Montgomeryshire.

One factor that may well prove decisive is the influence of the larger unions. This is likely to lean to the side of Labour. Transport House has little hope of capturing the support of the Federation of British Industries. The Conservative Central Office—which appears to have no fixed address—is more confident. The floating vote will probably also play a large part in the result.

Who will be Prime Minister? This will depend on many factors, including some that may not emerge until polling day. There is always the possibility of a compromise candidate. More probable is the drafting of Fagg. He would appeal to the Apathy Vote. However, it is doubtful whether the Severn Valley would ever support a man from the Isle of Wight, except as a gesture of defiance to the Tees and Thames Valleys. The N.U.R. is unlikely to swing behind an ex-secretary of a Passengers' Union. However, it is probable that after the Party conferences choice of Prime Minister will be seen to lie between well-tried servants of the major political machines. Previous office will be a strong point in any candidate's favour.

Born at Blenheim, Oxon., Winston Churchill is likely to win a strong following in the South Midlands, while London-reared Clem Attlee may be expected to attract support from the lower Thames Valley. The possibility should not be overlooked that Churchill might retire on grounds of age. This would leave a number of contenders for the succession, of whom Anthony Eden is frequently thought to have the best

chance. However, the selection is wide open, and such names as Butler, Maxwell Fyfe and, less often, Wakron Smithers are put forward in those informal conversations that show how the wind is blowing. It is generally understood that Clem Davies would refuse the Conservative leadership, unless allowed to bring his Party with him. Room for them might be found, but only in circumstances of exceptional stress.

If Attlee stood down instead of running for a third term, the Labour camp might well be riven. Herb Morrison has his partisans. So has Nye Bevan. Victory might well go to the one who managed to attract most support from the Unions and Constituency Parties. (The Labour Party is federal, but not pedantically so.)

During the summer, the Trade Unions hold their conferences, and what occurs at these might well have some weight with the Party Conference in the autumn. However, it would be wise not to count on this. Possibly a compromise candidate might gain the coveted nomination—Jim Griffiths, for example, or Chuter Ede. It is authoritatively stated that Clem Davies would flatly refuse to be drafted unless the Liberal Party were allowed to affiliate to the Labour Party on terms no less advantageous than those allowed to the Fabian Society.

Political programmes have a greater importance in Britain than in America and all Parties are anxiously awaiting the policy-statements of their rivals; until they learn what others intend to do it is difficult for them to plan the opposite. Fagg's refusal to commit himself to any course of action is considered to give him a considerable advantage, especially among those contributors to the Public Opinion Polls who answer "Don't know."

R. G. G. PRICE

STRANGE WARFARE

THIS is the war that no one started;
Where victory goes to the faintest-hearted.

This is the war that never ends;
That fells no foe; that saves no friends;

The war of the boast—and the sudden terror;
Where every blow is struck in error;

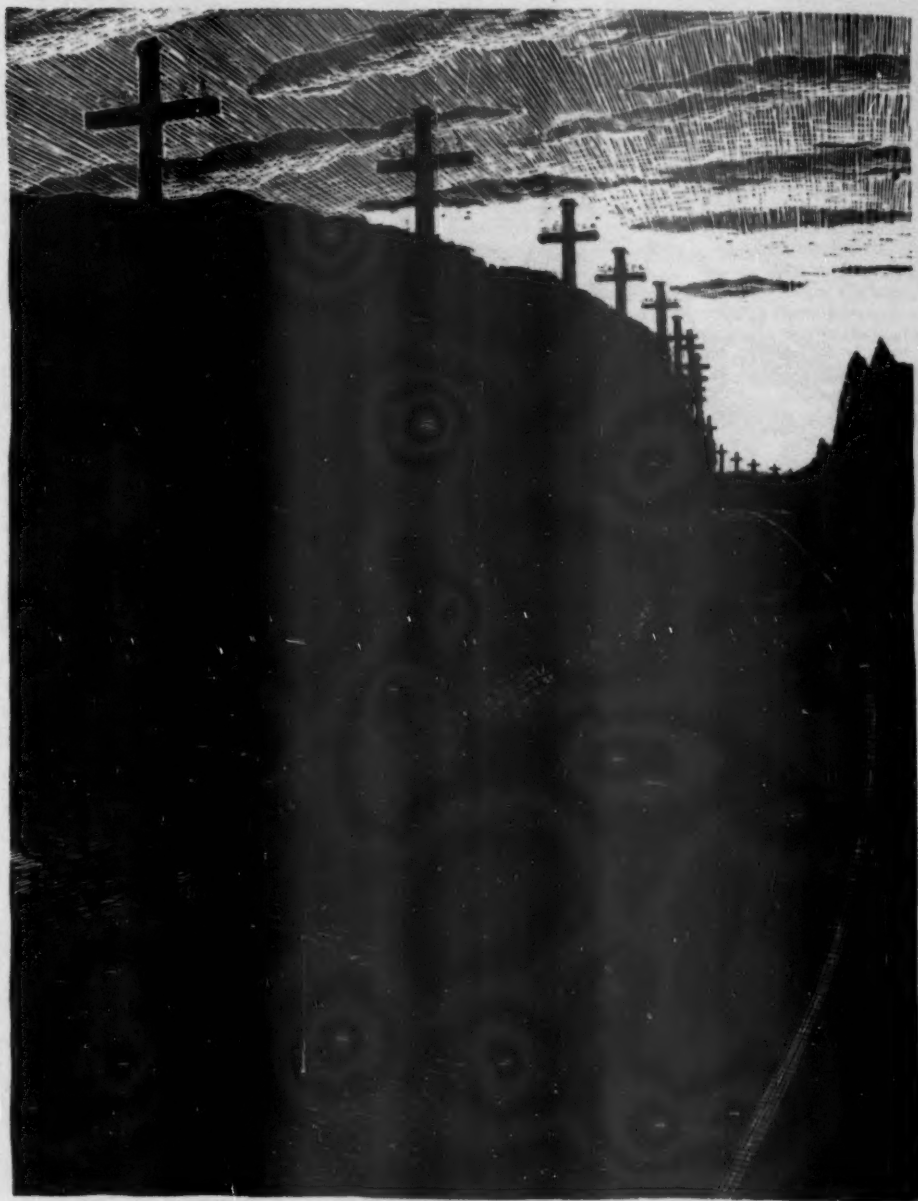
Whose deadliest stratagems are designed
By a wandering eye and a wavering mind;

Whose sorties and campaigns are planned
By a stumbling foot and a fumbling hand;

Where the sharpest pain's in the day of pleasure
And the fearfulest weapon a toy of leisure;

Where no shot shrieks; no shell explodes;
This is the war of the English roads.

E. V. MILNER



DARK HIGHWAY

Four hundred and seventy people were killed on the roads of Great Britain in August last year.



"Did yew notice what I did with the hard-boiled eggs?"

SURPRISE

THIS evening I bought my paper from a new firm, a sharp-faced man in a maroon velour hat. The old firm, a hundred yards farther down the station approach, has been getting more and more insulting lately; only yesterday, just because I took a few moments making my selection, he reviled me loudly and directed me ironically to the nearest public reading-room. But that alone would not have lost him my custom; it was just that it tipped the scales in favour of the sharp-faced man, who had already attracted my favourable notice by his method of delivering his wares—folded over, with the front-page headlines intriguingly concealed.

It may be a feeling for the dramatic in me, or a survival of childish delight in small, pleasurable surprises properly timed, but I

prefer to choose my own moment for taking in world affairs at a glance. As the wheels of the home-bound train begin to turn I unfold my paper and take them in. That is the time for it. Not before.

I have lately become increasingly aware of a conspiracy to defraud me of this moment, and the old firm has become more and more a party to it. He has always tried to trap me by handing over my evening paper with its headlines uppermost, but I usually managed to look away just in time, even if it did mean missing his copper-blackened paw and dropping my three-halfpence in the gutter; and picking it up: the old firm never picks up a client's money, but clicks its tongue and exchanges resigned grimaces with the nearest barrow-boy, muttering irritably. Later he borrowed a sales

trick from the movies: he didn't actually rasp out "Read all abaht it," a line known only to script-writers and studio sound-equipment, but he began to go in for such provocative innuendoes as "Cabinet bomb shell" and "Week-end meat crisis." These throaty announcements, noncommittal though they were, sufficed to rob my moment of its bloom. Sometimes they forced me to read at once, there in the middle of the pavement, if only to find out whether it was the Rations or the Russians who were in the news; but even if I resisted this the damage was done: I had approximate advance information of the day's place in history, and there could be no full-scale revelation.

Recently the old firm had gone further. Too far. When a man takes to hanging a copy of the paper

round his neck on a piece of string and a paper-clip it is no longer possible to do business with him and preserve the desired ignorance of global developments. There was nothing for it but to end our long association.

In patronizing the sharp-faced man there is, I find, a second advantage. His pitch is nearer to the station, and therefore offers a much diminished risk, after thrusting the discreetly-folded paper into one's brief-case, of involuntarily reading the headline in someone else's copy. Most Londoners on the way to the station are members of the conspiracy against me. They dawdle aimlessly along in front of me, holding their front pages aloft, so that I can't help reading over their shoulders. (I've missed my train before now, trying not to catch up with a man whose headline, even at a distance, said "WORMS DROPPED ON HARRIMAN'S AIDE.") Or they emerge suddenly from a tobacconist's, with the back page to their noses and the front page pushed against mine. Or they alight backwards from a bus and stand so directly in my path that the item "TWINS BOUND IN GEM GRAB" penetrates my consciousness before I can sidestep into a flower-seller. Sometimes they cunningly let the paper slip from under their arms to lie outspread at my feet. Even through half-closed lashes—a defensive mechanism set up automatically in such circumstances—I am obliged to read, as I step over it,—"IN NEW THREAT TO THE WEST," or "MOSCOW WILL ATTACK IF—" Why, I have even known them stop abruptly to pick some imaginary object from the forecourt cobbles, so that the paper jutting out of their side pocket is turned through ninety degrees into the inescapably legible horizontal, shouting at me: "—VAN IN COMMONS UPROAR."

But the sharp-faced man, noble fellow, operates from under the fretwork canopy of the very station itself. I had no sooner tucked my paper away this afternoon than I was safely inside and going down the straight. The ticket-inspector on the barrier did his best to trap me,

turning suddenly from what I had taken to be official business and cracking open a crisp new front page right under my nose, but I shied away adroitly and sustained nothing worse than a graze from a hair- tonic advertisement. My luck held all the way up the platform. It was a warm day, and that was in my favour. The pinkly scrubbed financiers in the first class coaches, who have in the past so often flattened their headlines against the window when they saw me coming, were already dozing over their tea and biscuits, unaware that opportunity was passing them by. Even that wily and stubborn conspirator, the man with the rimless pince-nez, who from his seat opposite mine in the first half of the second centre-aisle coach has tried to ensnare me with every trick that ingenuity could devise, even to the length of pushing the front page at me as I entered the compartment and crying "What about this, then, eh?"—even he was asleep, with his chin on his chest and his headlines on the rack.

I was more than usually eager, then, for the wheels to turn to-day. Not only had the moment of revelation been reached unscathed,

but it seemed to me that, by dealing with the sharp-faced man, and keeping my wits no more than ordinarily about me for ambush and booby-trap, I might look forward to a new, golden era of unimpaired headline-reading routine. I gazed ahead of me, at a faded view of Hastings promenade. On the platform were detachments of the enemy flaunting their papers enticingly as they waited for the next train. On my other flank, guerrillas moved stealthily along the corridor of the train on the adjoining track, ready to catch me yet, should I make the smallest slip.

As the whistle blew and the train jolted obediently I opened my paper with forced deliberation, and sighed happily. It was plain from a first flickered glance that the news was something big; it was acclaimed full page width, and in a double line: "RECORD CROWDS MAY SEE CRAZY DUKE BEAT SHY CHAMBERMAID AT SUNDOWN."

Or rather, as I realized a moment later, "Sandown." What it amounted to was that the sharp-faced man, for all his other virtues, had sold me a six-hours-old racing edition. J. B. BOOTHROYD



"Did you say one teaspoonful of vanilla?"

The Children's Country Holidays Fund

A POLAR explorer once told me that conversation had a habit of drifting away from his end of the table at the point in his narrative at which the survivors ate the dogs. It was incredulity, he said, not distaste. The imagination can be stretched so far, and then suddenly it goes limp. I understand now how he felt.

All the thirty children in our party had circular labels strung round their necks, worn with pride and suggesting the soup-plate decorations with which diplomats in films obscure their ties in the evening. Most of these labels were made out to aggressively rural destinations, such as "Mrs. Hogg, World's End Farm, Middleden," and "Miss Twine, Lone Barn, Mistfield." In the circumstances they were as much the stuff of pure romance as would be a label round our necks stating that we were being dispatched forthwith to the South Seas; but the exact nature of the romance was still lost on their wearers. As the train slid past a particularly dreary succession of factories and gasometers three little girls jammed against the windows kept up such a squeaking of "Are we in the country yet?" that we felt bound to try to explain the rather different character of Kent. We were met with the same polite incomprehension of which my explorer complained. If you live like sardines in a stuffy slum-tenement, a farmyard is no nearer than the Pole. With waning conviction we spoke of quiet, and big open fields, of ducks and poachers and owl-noises at night, until we gave it up



as hopeless. They would have to find out for themselves. A few, of course, had been out of London before, but their traveller's tales were taken no more seriously than ours. No lamp posts? Garn! Fish-and-chips and the flicks, the alley and the bombed site, those were reality, and this "country" about which people talked so knowingly was something wild and foreign, to be approached warily.

Our gay journey into the great unknown was soon shadowed by the drama of Effie's finances. Long before the orchards came in sight she grew grave, and announced that her pocket-money was lost. Five whole shillings, a fortnight's essential capital, earmarked for investment in the maximum quantities of ice-cream, chips and toffee. Under this hammer-blow of cruelest fate Effie behaved, I thought, with stoic calm. Her bag, straining at the seams, was heaved down from the rack, and its contents were flung in all directions until the carriage looked like the closing stages of a jumble sale. Dolls were shaken, nighties flapped, and all manner of surprising objects put through the third degree. But to no purpose. Effie, it seemed, had joined at an earlier age than usual the army of distinguished bankrupts. Having made every one of the absurd suggestions that occur to adults we sat in silent sympathy,

lost in admiration at Effie's fortitude. Then, as sadly she packed again, the pocket of a cardigan gave out a heart-warming clink. The sun came out. Effie was solvent, rich, triumphant, brightly pink, and once more joy was unconfined. But in spite of such cause for celebration we all continued to behave so beautifully that the Train Marshal, a kind and patient lady who was there to dissuade us from pulling the communication cord or levering up the floorboards, had a very easy time of it.

Effie and others had equipped themselves with a kind of fiendish telephone that seems to be the thing in London schools. Encouraged by an innocent to hold a matchbox to your ear, you suffer horribly if the operator at the other end knows her business at all. Nobody could be silly enough to accept the matchbox twice, but one honest scream of anguish can give a lot of quiet pleasure. The thought that some of these children might graduate to the more ample engines of torture provided by a post office switch-board chilled me a little. Our reactions were so thoroughly satisfactory that we had to be brought round with sweets, which circulated constantly in enormous variety. Resistance was useless; our cheeks bulged all the way to Tunbridge Wells, and for some time afterwards. In between spasms of excitement as



IT'S A COW!



we passed oast-houses—"Look at that dump with spikes on!"—we drew. My "Fat Man With Beard" was considered favourably, but Gracie's "Beauty-Queen Swallow-Diving" and Tommy's "Canary In Cage" were obviously much better. To many of these children all birds except sparrows and pigeons live in cages, just as fish live in glass bowls. That was only one of the shocks the country had in store for them.

On the platform at Tunbridge Wells a row of beaming hostesses lay in wait, and after strenuous staff-work by the lady in charge of the district the children were led away in twos and threes, clutching bags and coats and irrelevant pieces of string. A little later we drove round to see how they were settling down. A brother and sister who had confessed in the train to a burning ambition to collect snakes had instead collected an Alsatian puppy and were putting him through his paces on a village green. Another pair, two sisters, were about to go fishing with the son of their hostess,

In farms and cottages, but mostly in cottages, the children had been set at their ease, and already felt one with the family. And a whole golden fortnight stretched out ahead.

This wasn't an isolated expedition, but only a very small part of the major operation conducted each summer by the Children's Country Holidays Fund, started nearly seventy years ago by Canon Barnett and Dame Henrietta Barnett. The children, most of them between five and eleven, come from the London Primary and Elementary Schools, and are selected by voluntary workers who give preference to the very poor, to the children of better placed parents who can't arrange a holiday, and to children from "difficult" homes. At the other end of the organization are its Country Correspondents (often vicars), who recruit hostesses, check their suitability, and decide which homes will fit different sorts of child. At its centre is a small London headquarters with a planning staff responsible for collecting and dispatching two armies of children for their separate fortnights and for all the details of their finance and welfare. Only to think of the problems involved in getting the right children to the right station at the right time on the right day leaves one rather breathless,

but everything seems to go very cheerfully and smoothly.

Wars have affected the Fund's work severely. In 1912, its peak year, a huge exodus of forty-six thousand children went to the country. After the First War numbers picked up gradually to thirty-three thousand in 1937. Starting again in 1946, the Fund will send away about six thousand this summer, apart from the boys it helps to go to camps, and the children of mothers in hospital for whom it finds temporary homes all through the year. This disappointing figure is due not so much to shortage of money, though more is always needed, as to the housing shortage in the country, where many homes that would like to take children are hopelessly overcrowded. The keenness of cottage hostesses with families of their own seems wonderful in these days. There is no profit for them. The Fund's payment only covers expenses. Parents help as they can, their average contribution last year being just over half the cost of the fortnight.

The true value of what the Fund is doing is best expressed in the remarks of children returning from their brief, ecstatic experience of a new world. And best of all, I think, in this most eloquent summing-up: "I have smelt what they call Hay, and it has refreshed me up."

ERIC KEOWN



"ONE TIME"

"MAN," said my poor friend Poker, "is getting into a great muddle about Time. One cause is to be found in the device called 'Summer Time'; another in the habit of travel; and another in inventions like Radio and the Comet, one carrying messages at the speed of light and the other carrying bodies almost at the speed of sound."

"My wife and I, say, leave London in our private Comet for Rome at 0800, by Greenwich Mean Time, at 0900, British Summer Time. I put my watch back to G.M.T.; my wife leaves here as it is. In one hour we come down in the South of France. My watch says 0900, my wife's 1000; The French Standard Time is 0900, but, with Summer Time, the clocks say 1000. My wife's watch, for the moment, is right. We fly on—for one hour—to Rome. My watch says 1000, my wife's 1100. Italian Standard Time is one hour ahead of London, but they have no Summer Time, so the clocks say 1100. My wife is right again: but for a different reason. At Cairo (another two hours) my watch says 1200; the clocks say 1400 (my wife's watch says 1300 and she puts it on to 1400). If we go on to Karachi (and take six hours) we arrive at 1800 by my watch, 2000 by my wife's. But Indian Time is five and a half hours ahead of London and the clocks say 2330."

"Now let us go the other way. We leave London for New York at 0800 G.M.T. (0900 B.S.T.). We take, say, four hours (in the Comet) and arrive at 1200 G.M.T. But New York is five hours behind London and the clocks say 0700 (one hour, it seems, before we started)."

"In ships (of all nations) the chronometer on the bridge shows Greenwich Time, and by that the navigation is governed. But the ship's clocks and the passengers' watches are always being altered, to keep pace with the sun. Going to Australia, you put them on

half an hour a day, sometimes an hour; going to America you put them back. A ship going west round the world gets into such a muddle that when she gets to the other side (say, Fiji), and crosses the 'Date Line,' she has to miss a day and have no Monday, in order to get straight with Greenwich. A ship steaming east has to repeat a day, and have two Mondays. Do you follow?"

"No."

"Never mind. It's not the traveller only who must always be doing sums about time. The overseas radio announcer has to say that so-and-so will happen at x hours G.M.T., y hours African Time, z hours Western Time, and so on. Big Ben striking twelve is heard in Newfoundland at 0830 by the clocks (or 0930 in the Summer) and in Cyprus at 1400. A Test Match in Australia, a Big Fight in New York, a Churchill speech in Washington, are the cause of similar puzzles and calculations."

"It is all founded on the ancient conventions that the midday meal should be taken when the sun is near the Meridian and the clock says twelve or near it. The midday meal (and rest) is a natural and desirable institution: but we no longer depend on the sun-dial, and there is no commanding reason why the signal for the midday meal should be the same all over the world. When we had Double Summer Time many of us lunched at ten in the morning (by the sun), and some of the pubs opened at nine (I always wondered that the teetotalers did not object). Many a Spaniard does not lunch till three."

"Some of us are still unrepentant enemies of Summer Time. We are all for getting up earlier and having more daylight to play with in the evening. But we don't see why we can't enjoy these benefits without playing tricks with clocks. We won't start that old argument

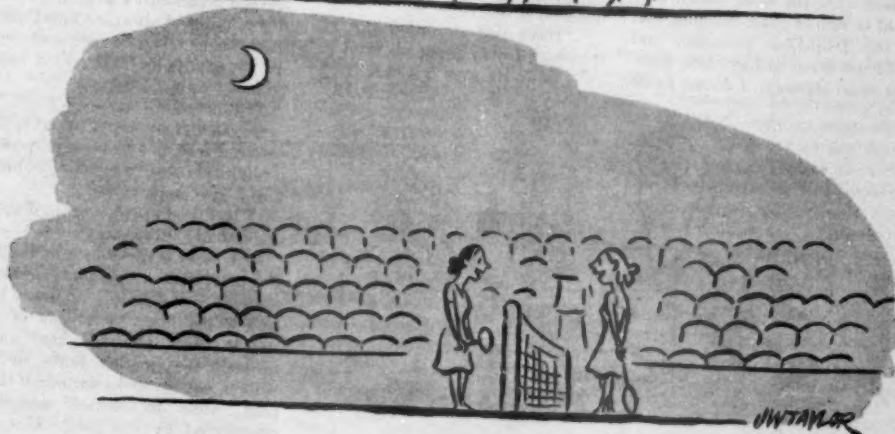
now: but if there is no objection to 'playing tricks with clocks' for the convenience of Man, suppose we go farther and change all (or nearly all) the clocks in the world—once and for all."

"Suppose there was One Time for all the world. At the moment it would have to be Greenwich Time, which everybody might not like: but, if the all-conquering Americans insisted, it could as well be Washington Time. Every watch and clock in the world (except perhaps at sea) would always be the same: you would change them only because they were fast or slow. No one would have to change his habits; no one would have to alter his clocks (again): but in different parts of the world the same habits, meals, and so on would have different time-labels. In New York they would begin to think of lunch at 1700 instead of 1200 and go to bed at 0300 on May 2 instead of 2200 on May 1. Why not? Everything is five hours later in New York: and this arrangement would confess the difference and make it plain. Rome, on the other hand, would lunch at 1100 or 1200 by the clock, though no earlier by the sun: and they would begin to dine at 1900 instead of 2000. After a few days it would all be as familiar as Double Summer Time became to us. The difference would be that no one by the One Time system is compelled to change his way of life in relation to the sun."

"The advantages? Well, whenever anyone announced what time it was—that would be the time all over the world. Every place would have the same date and day of the week. (At present, if in Sydney it is 8 o'clock in the morning on Sunday, June 1, in London it is 10 P.M. on Saturday, May 31.) The business man in London, instead of saying 'Oh, New York is five hours later than us. The offices won't be open yet,' would say: 'It's 1100. Too early. Their offices open at 1400.' The Comet, having left London at 0800 and crossed the Atlantic in



Herb Davis





four hours, would find that the time in New York was 1200—not 0700. The same going back: as things are she will leave New York at 0800 and after four hours flight hear Big Ben in London saying 1700 (or 1800 in the Summer). Which, as Euclid said, is absurd. A Test Match in Sydney would begin at 0100, and stumps would be drawn at 0800, and the differences between Australia and England would be much clearer than they are to most of us now. What fun the radio folk would have celebrating the passing of the Old Year exactly at the same moment all over the world!

"Ships, those little islands, are a law unto themselves, and could continue to put the clock on and back if they preferred. They might. Using World Time, they would have to announce a different time for meals each day as they sailed east or west. On the other hand, they would be free of clock-changing and all the Date-Line nonsense, and would not have to have two Mondays or no Monday. I do not know

how it would work for the 'watches' (meaning spells of duty) of officers and men. At present they get variety by the system of dog-watches. Going east or west, World Time would gradually shift all duty watches forward or back. The officer who had the 8 P.M. watch in the Channel and went on duty as the passengers went to dinner would be able to dine and have a dance by the time the ship reached Port Said (where there is two hours' difference). For naval vessels manoeuvring, which now have to use various Zone times (Zone + 3, Zone - 1, etc.), World Time might be a convenience."

"What time," we said, "would you lunch in Fiji?"

"At 0000 or 0100."

"Wouldn't that be rather tiresome?"

"Why? If Summer Time's all right, so is that. It's only a question of degree."

"Have you consulted the Astronomer Royal about all this?"

"Yes. He says it's O.K."

A. P. H.

BROTHER OF THE ANGLE

"HAD any luck?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I started at a pool about half a mile downstream—Plane Tree, it's called. The pipe is packed in leisurely fashion—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say the pipe is packed in leisurely fashion, and a quiet survey taken of swirling eddy and sparkling rapid. A small Peter Ross is mounted on the tail of a 2x cast, a Teal and Silver of similar size on the dropper, and soon a long line, thrown so as to curve under a dipping branch and over a jagged rock on to a tempting-looking little run, is quivering and thrilling to a delicious rug."

"A delicious rug?"

"The reel screams its melody, the rod bends into a bow, and after five minutes of alternate hopes and fears the net is slid beneath a silvery sea-trout of some four and a half pounds weight."

"Jolly good! You—"

"The flies are now sent out with renewed zest, but to little purpose, a full hour's steady casting yielding but a bare stone of fish."

"But good heavens, man, that's marvellous! Why, that's—"

"A move is now made to Froth Pot pool, where a small hut enables the angler who kneels behind it to launch his flies, by means of a steeple cast, over the roof and through the gnarled limbs of a veteran oak on to the surface of the pool, while he himself remains unobserved by the fish. Almost





immediately a heavy pull is felt, the rod point is raised deliberately, the steel sinks home, and with a little manoeuvring the river bank is gained just as a full hundred yards of line and backing are torn from the reel in one magnificent rush."

"A salmon! Wonderful! How —"

"Caution and patience are now the order of the day, and every care is taken to shield the slender rod and frail cast from the full fury of the encounter. At last, the exhausted giant turns wearily on its side, the gaff is drawn smoothly home, and in a moment a salmon of full thirty pounds, fresh from the tide, is lying like a bar of frosted silver by the side of the river."

"You certainly seem to have done pretty well. I'm afraid I —"

"The frugal lunch is now dispatched, with an appetite sharpened by the invigorating air and brisk exercise, and a pipe is packed —"

"In leisurely fashion?"

"—and quietly enjoyed, while all around Nature unfolds her beauties to the contemplative eye. See that kingfisher, son of the rainbow, streak like a bolt of turquoise down the very centre of the stream!"

"I'm afraid I must have missed —"

"The 'chunk, chunk, chunk' of the riverside chough and the quaint 'a couple of soldering irons and ice cre-e-e-e-am' of the water widgeon mingle with the murmuring gossip of the river in a summer symphony —"

"How did you get on after lunch?"

"The townsman may resist the



lure of the river—not so his country cousin:

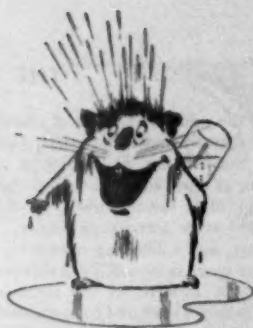
Come, tak yer braw rod frae the wa' And leave guidwife and bairns and a' Unheeding hail or wintry aqua'—"

"I don't suppose you caught anything else?"

"In expectation of better sport, the salmon rod is now mounted and, after a leisurely walk of half a mile, a medium-sized Thunder and Lightning at the end of a stout cast is sent whistling through a clump of alders on to the amber waters of Swaneyholm, a magnificent pool of more than two hundred yards in length. A dozen sea-trout quickly come to the net, and many more are lost, but they provide poor play on the more powerful weapon and are given short shrift. At last, towards the centre of the pool, a lively little grilse of ten pounds falls to the lure of the Thunder and Lightning. Previous disappointment is now forgotten, and every cast is made with zest and confidence. The next couple of hours are full of action. Three salmon averaging twenty-five pounds, a generous four stone of sea-trout —"

"Look here, where are all these fish?"

"There is an old friend of mine, quietly ending his days among his books and roses in an ancient house not a mile from where we stand, to whom an unobtrusive half-hundred-weight of sea-trout or a few salmon come as a not unwelcome addition to the larder. Nor do I forget my friends the farmers, whose carts often follow me along the river bank."



G. H. HANCOCK

"Well," I said, "you must really be an extraordinarily good fisherman."

"I have some small experience," he admitted with a deprecating smile. "In fact I may say that I have ventured to add to the overwhelming mass of angling literature a slim volume entitled *The River Glideth*. I think you might find it well worth reading."

T. S. WATT

"Then follows picture after picture, scenes painted in words as only a painter, when he can write, can paint them."

The Story of Hognor

If he can paint.

THE PRESENT

IN the cellar, to the left of the old bedstead that leans quietly rusting against the wall, there is an affair of pipes and cast-iron gadgets which Mrs. Venner describes variously as a furnace, a boiler, a heater, and a blinking nuisance. I never touch it myself, because once, when it seemed on the point of exploding, I ventured to peep inside it and a red-hot door fell off and broke in two pieces. Mrs. Venner, however, seems to touch it frequently. Sometimes when I go down with a shilling for the electricity I find her standing in front of it, prodding thoughtfully with an old broomstick and making it roar.

It roars all day, although to what purpose I have never been able to discover. The water in my bathroom, for instance, is heated by a battered machine of copper, on which hangs a terrifying notice in Mrs. Venner's handwriting: "Do

had recently moved up into Form Three.

"Them nice books," she said. "I thought it was a shame to waste them, with him so fond of reading."

It's been the same ever since. If I leave down an old pair of cricket boots Mrs. Venner wears them for odd jobs like swilling down the front path. If I try to get rid of a tweed overcoat, moth-eaten but manifestly inflammable, the man who comes for the empty milk-bottles is sure to be seen about it before long. He is a favourite of Mrs. Venner's, because she doesn't think his horse looks very strong. He has similarly received, in his time, an odd Wellington boot which I found on top of the wardrobe, a crimson dressing-gown with both sleeves missing, and a dark blue homburg, all intended for the furnace. The horse looked rather peculiar in the homburg, despite the

propped on Mrs. Venner's sideboard, because, as Mrs. Venner says, "you never know what it might come in for." If Lucy throws out an old frock Mrs. Venner will certainly dye it and turn it into a jumper, "just for in the house." Old stockings she uses in the manufacture of appalling fireside rugs. An accumulation of ballet magazines dating back to the nineteen-thirties she sold to a man in the street and gave Lucy ninepence.

"Once," said Lucy, "I tried to get rid of a framed picture of kittens playing croquet that a fan sent me, but she hung it on the wall in her front room and dotes on it. Those terrible wooden beads she wears when she has company used to be mine, and she's got four pairs of my evening shoes that I wouldn't be seen dead in. She takes them out and looks at them sometimes, but she's never found a way of getting them on."

It happened to be Mrs. Venner's birthday last week, and Lucy and I thought up a wonderful surprise. We bought her a magnificent tea-cosy, parcelled it neatly in gift-wrapping, rolled the whole thing up in a threadbare blazer I found, with the pockets torn off, and left it against the furnace at dead of night. The next morning Mrs. Venner came into the flatlet in high glee.

"Was it you," she said, "that left that bundle in the cellar in a bit of fancy paper?"

"Er—yes," I said, with a shy smile. "Partly."

"Well," said Mrs. Venner, with great enthusiasm, "that's the sort of thing we want. It burnt a proper treat!"

Still, as Lucy points out, she's probably just as pleased with the blazer, which I understand she is making into cushion-covers.

ALEX ATKINSON



"Right——"

Not Blow Up The Geezer." Nor, if I am any judge, are we centrally heated. But these are separate mysteries.

When I first came here Mrs. Venner said "Anything you don't want, leave by the boiler. Morning, noon and night I'm looking for stuff to put in it, but you know what it does!"

"No," I said. "What?"

"Eats it," said Mrs. Venner. "And when you mention coke to them you'd think it was made of gold."

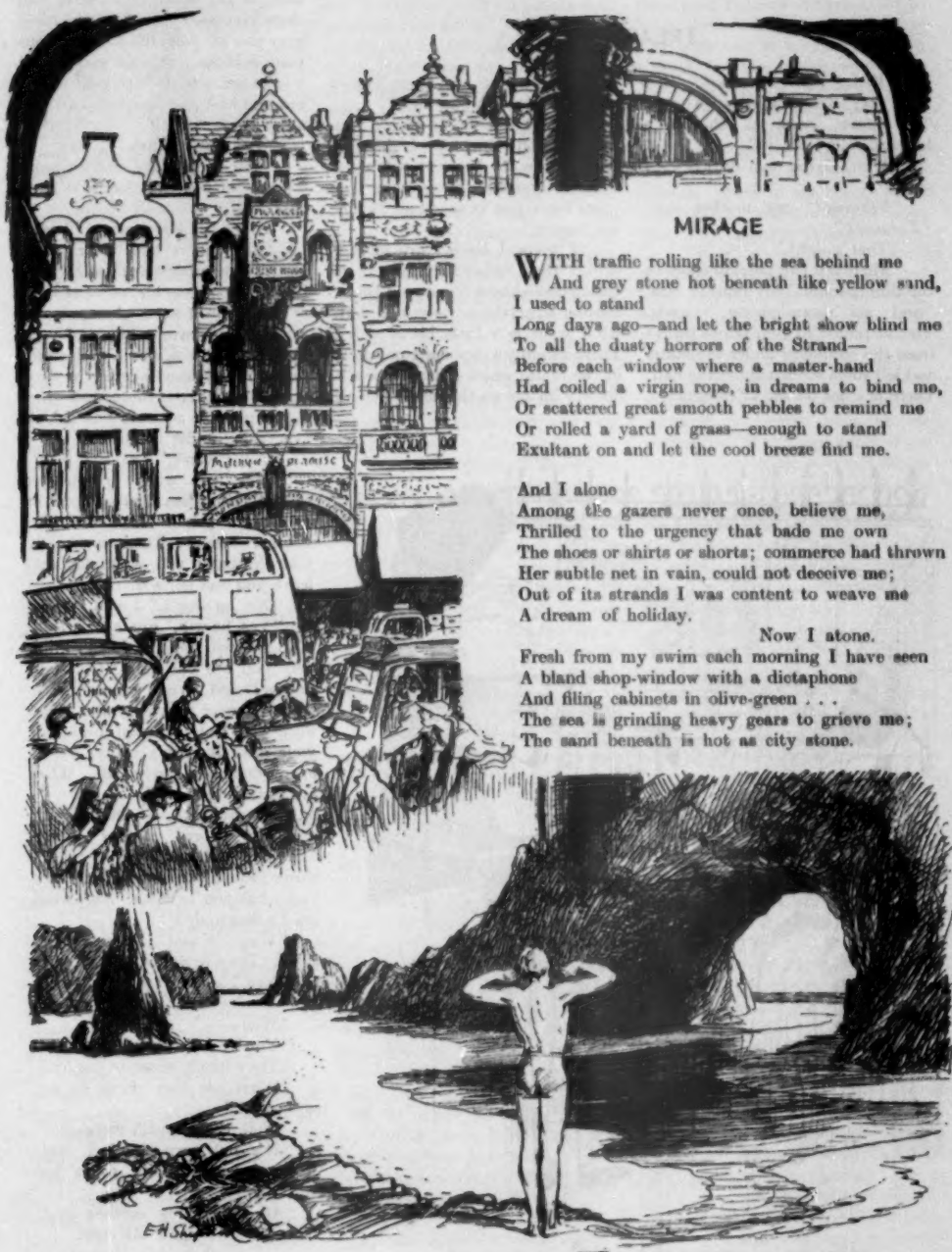
I said I'd remember, and a few days later I left by the boiler an extremely dilapidated set of Sterne, with two and a half volumes missing. This, to my amazement, she promptly gave to her nephew, who

fact that Mrs. Venner cut holes in it for his ears. I never saw him wearing the dressing-gown, but I often like to picture the milkman in it. It should look quite gay with the Wellington boot.

I found recently that Lucy has the same trouble. She left a hopelessly warped tennis-racket in the cellar last summer, and it is still



"Turn!"



MIRAGE

WITH traffic rolling like the sea behind me
 And grey stone hot beneath like yellow sand,
 I used to stand
 Long days ago—and let the bright show blind me
 To all the dusty horrors of the Strand—
 Before each window where a master-hand
 Had coiled a virgin rope, in dreams to bind me,
 Or scattered great smooth pebbles to remind me
 Or rolled a yard of grass—enough to stand
 Exultant on and let the cool breeze find me.

And I alone
 Among the gazers never once, believe me,
 Thrilled to the urgency that bade me own
 The shoes or shirts or shorts; commerce had thrown
 Her subtle net in vain, could not deceive me;
 Out of its strands I was content to weave me
 A dream of holiday.

Now I atone,
 Fresh from my swim each morning I have seen
 A bland shop-window with a dictaphone
 And filing cabinets in olive-green . . .
 The sea is grinding heavy gears to grieve me;
 The sand beneath is hot as city stone.

TREASURES

"WELL," my mother said, "it's easy to see you've come home. The house looks as though a hurricane had hit it."

"I'm tidying my drawers," I said.

"Tidying?" my mother said. "Tidying?"

"That's right."

"There are two pairs of shoes in the dining-room," my mother said, "and six gramophone records. You've pulled all your tennis things from the cupboard under the stairs and left them strewn about the hall. There is a hat on the kitchen table.

And here, in your own room, I can't even get through the door."

"Well," I said, "there are cupboards and drawers I haven't looked into for years, not since I went to London. Every time I've come home you've asked me to tidy my things."

"I know I have," my mother said. "But I didn't mean you to go through the house like a mad thing, hurling everything right and left. All I want is a little bit of order. There's hardly a cupboard or drawer in the house which when I open it doesn't hit me on the head with all

sorts of old rubbish you have had since you were six. I've been *begging* you all your life to throw out your rubbish. It's no good if all you're going to do is to take things out and look at them and put them away again."

"It's not rubbish," I said.

"Yes, it is," my mother said. "What do you call this, if it isn't rubbish?"

"It's a hat I'm making," I said.

"But you've had it for years. I can't remember when you haven't had it. Goodness knows what kind of place you'll have when you are married and have a house of your own. It will look like a prehistoric cave. If anything falls to the floor you'll just leave it there, and when it's impossible to walk you'll kick everything under the table."

"No, I won't," I said.

"Yes, you will," my mother said. "Then when the room isn't fit to live in you'll just move into another room. Then eventually your husband will walk out and leave you and get a divorce."

"No, he won't," I said.

"Yes, he will," my mother said. "No man will stand it. I can't think why you are like this. Goodness knows I tried. When you were little I would never let you go anywhere until you had put your bricks or your modelling wax away, but it hasn't done any good at all. What are you doing now?"

"Emptying these boxes," I said.

"Oh!" my mother cried. "They're full of beads! Don't throw them all over the floor! Now look what you've done! Now what am I going to do?"

"Well," I said. "I remember these. They're yours."

"Yes, I know," my mother said. "You've had them for years."

"Well—"

"You've been hoarding them."

"They might come in handy."

"What are they doing in my cupboard?"

"Well, there wasn't room—"

"It's not surprising," I said, "that I haven't any room for anything."

"All right," my mother said.

"All right. All right. All right."

MARJORIE RIDDELL



"Have you got anything to help me forget the place?"



THE northern part of the United States has never been able to make up its mind about the heat. In the south, people face the issue squarely: they loaf, or dawdle, or take to drink. But the northerners persist in regarding a summer temperature of 95 or 100 as a novelty, even though it bakes them every year for substantial periods.

Mid-July heated New York's concrete and steel to a point that delicate instruments may well be able to measure months hence. A city designed to absorb and retain the greatest possible amount of heat, where a muggy 93, for instance, seems about the same as Tucson's 110 (only the nights are much hotter than Tucson's), New York was in great form last month. At the open window on the tenth floor of a smart Park Avenue hotel, the smoke of a cigarette rose in a straight line, as if in a closet. The smoker—wearing shorts or nothing at all—found himself looking out at countless other hotel windows similarly occupied. Rarely have so many undressed Americans stared so indifferently at the nudity of others, and never were people surrounded by the apparatus of supposed luxury more thoroughly uncomfortable. The fire escapes of the lower East Side were no hotter.

Shops and restaurants are commonly air-conditioned, but most New York hotels antedate this development; they bluff their way through the summer with exquisitely cool lobbies and public rooms, but without even a fan for

the bedrooms. An old-fashioned hotel in Richmond, Virginia, will indulge the guest, usefully, with a ceiling fan in his bedroom, but New York prefers to count itself as a breeze-swept seaport where such gadgets are unnecessary. "I am breathing the same air here on 49th Street," a New Yorker remarked on one of the hotter evenings, "that I was breathing this noon on 38th Street. The only trouble is that too many other people have been using it meanwhile, and it's tired."

The slow cross-town traffic made radiators boil, and even well up the parkways to New England the 65-mile cruising speed (55-mile speed limit = 65-mile standard speed) obliged many drivers to pull out on the grass, raise the bonnet, and wait for the machinery to cool off. New England, when they got there, was just as hot.

AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

While weather of this sort plagues other parts of the country, the citizens of Denver know of it only through their newspapers and the peculiar statistical treatment applied by the Denver Press to hot weather elsewhere. Serene in the bracing airs of Colorado, the Denver copy desks are fond of rounding up all manner of deaths reported by the wire services and lumping them together in the weather story. "48 DIE IN MID-WEST HEATWAVE," the reader learns. On further reading he will find that three of the deaths were heat prostrations, thirty-five were traffic accidents, nine were drownings, and one a fall downstairs.

The New York cab driver accommodates himself to hot weather by wearing a minimal kind of sports shirt or a tightly fitting pullover of cotton mesh, with short sleeves. Time was when the undershirt sufficed, but the police demanded something more formal, with the result that most drivers nowadays wear about the same sort of thing that President Truman puts on for the beach at Key West. (Whether

they wear trousers is impossible to judge, for no New York driver ever gets out of his cab to open a door for the passenger.) The women among the noonday crowds on the street are more and more backless and strapless and stockingless. Few men wear hats, neckties are optional, and even the portlier citizens appear in the sports shirt, although the general effect is often that of a maternity blouse.

A New York motorist was haled into court the other day for having ignored, in the past eighteen months, forty-nine summonses for traffic offences. This is a goodly number, even for Manhattan, and it shows the more or less incurable problems which motor traffic poses to the authorities. If the equivalent of the entire police department and all the resources of the courts were used against illegal parking, for instance, the streets could probably be cleared by present methods. Yet once it had wiped out parking offences, what could so vast an enforcement organization do by way of justifying its continued existence? Thus far no city has tried the experiment suggested by Arthur Pound, the former State Historian of the State of New York: instead of tagging the cars of parking violators, simply let the air out of their tires and see what happens.

In the last four Presidential campaigns, the Republicans have relied mainly on the proposition that the country has long since gone to ruin. There is no need to evaluate this contention or to estimate how much of its fine edge may have been dulled by the years. But for purposes of campaign enthusiasm, oratory along this line puts the audience in a rather difficult position, and their reactions to it sound, not infrequently, like those of madmen. The pattern was repeated plainly enough by the Republicans at Chicago, and it seems likely to extend through the fall campaign unless a radical remedy is found.



The trouble lies in the broad tradition that no political speech is successful unless it causes the audience to cheer wildly. If the audience makes enough noise, the speech is a good one; less noise, not so good. The audience is given little indeed to cheer about in most of the punch lines and the oratorical pauses of Republican spellbinders, but it feels called upon to cheer them just the same. Thus, in MacArthur's Chicago speech one calamity after another was proclaimed—and cheered. The General noted "the growing tendency of Government to control personal life and suppress individual freedom." (*Hurrah!*)

There is no prospect," he went on, "of return to the rugged idealism and collective tranquillity of our fathers." (*Cheers.*) "The party in power shows," said the General flatly, "only a callous indifference to mounting disclosures of graft and corruption and waste in the public administration." (*Yip-pee-e-e-ee!*)

If General MacArthur was cheered for declaring "To-morrow may be even worse," the misgivings of former President Hoover were received by the next day's audience with even greater satisfaction. Tyranny, dishonor, corruption, fascism, bankruptcy—these were words

which brought forth jubilation. "The ghosts of the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter now wander amid the clanking chains of a thousand slave camps," said Mr. Hoover. He could have gained no louder cheers had he been promising every one of us forty acres and a mule.

To the householder listening to the broadcasts the whole thing sounded like a conducted tour through Dante's Inferno, with every tourist thoroughly delighted by it all.

The newspapers still feel touchy about television's domination of the political campaign. Their grievance began with General Eisenhower's Denver Press conference, some weeks before the Chicago conventions, which was rather thoroughly taken over by the broadcasting people, attested by a noisy audience of Ike-likers. The conventions did nothing to restore the prestige of the writing reporters, while radio and TV were garnering the very last crumb of every episode during the whole period. An astonishingly large number of hard-working citizens admitted to staying with the broadcasts as late as 3 a.m., and there was necessarily little that a morning paper could do for this audience. But the newspapers prefer to believe that broadcasting is a great waste of everybody's time, and that the best way to size up a major political occasion is to read about it later on. Besides, they argued, as they boasted of their own coverage, the conventions weren't so interesting anyhow, and a half hour with a newspaper would give a reader everything of importance in any of the sessions. Yet few news writers could hope to transmit all that the TV camera saw as it peered up and down the aisles and over the platform: the delegate, for instance, who produced a nail-file and busied himself with it, his head reverently bowed, during the opening prayer; or a platform occupant, during the same invocation, who was seen by not less than five million of his fellow countrymen as he surreptitiously lighted a big cigar.

CHARLES W. MORTON



"Must we discuss money at a time like this?"

POTTER'S CLAY

"FIRST you bring it up," she said, "like this," and she put her firm little hands round the lump on the wheel, and it rose up between them in a grey spiral. She nipped the top off the cone, applied gentle pressure, and it obediently sank down again. "And you'll need a little water," she said, "just to get the correct texture." The lump of clay went on rising up and sitting down between her hands, and it really seemed too simple.

I replaced her hands with my own, and the clay, wavering between them, spread out in an unappetizing-looking mass. I persevered, and finally a cone of sorts, though not the geometrical sorts, arose. It had a tired-looking top that curled over, so I nipped it off, and there was a lot less potter's clay to handle.

By and by she came back, surveyed the minute wet mess left on the wheel, and took over. "It's a little bit damp," she said, "but I think we can get it back." Between her firm little hands the clay lost some of its moisture, rose up again obediently, and stayed risen, like a good loaf. "Better open it up now," she advised, "there isn't so very much left. I'll show you." She rested a thumb lightly on the middle of the cone, and her thumb sank down into it softly. She added three fingers to the thumb, and the base of the hole she had made opened perceptibly. "And now you bring the weight up like this," she said, and smoothed the side of one finger up the wall that had been created, and the wall went on climbing up, circled with the neatest little circles.

"And I'll just show you how to trim the top," she added finally, and took a pointed sliver of tin, gripped the top of the wall between her fingertips—and a neat ring of clay detached itself from the top, leaving a smoothly beautiful grey edge. I was charmed with it all.

"Now go on working on that," she said.

The potter's clay seemed to understand that she had said it.



"It's chiefly neurasthenia—you should go and live somewhere right off the Comet route."

Just before she went on to the next beginner she asked the question. "What are you making?" she said.

"A bowl," I said. "Only a posy bowl," I added, surveying the clay that was left.

"It will be a very small posy bowl," she said truthfully.

"I mean a mug," I said.

Somebody came and looked at the mug when it had spread itself out on the wheel. "Does the person who drinks from your mug lap?" she asked.

I said that I was making an ash-tray.

After I admitted this the side of the clay wobbled and ultimately caved in. I did things to it with the bit of tin and poked a hole in what was left of the wall.

By and by she came back, silently took position in front of the spinning wheel, placed her firm little hands round my scrap of clay, and it behaved admirably, just as potter's clay is meant to behave, reshaped itself, rose up in walls, although very little walls, because,

as with those of the Israelites during one of their spells as displaced persons, there was so little to build them with. "I think I'd just trim the top now," she suggested. "Just get it perfectly straight, and smooth it between your finger and thumb, and then take it off the wheel."

It really was a lovely little ash-tray. It had shape, it had style, and I had more sense by then than to attempt any improvement either by trimming or smoothing, so I stopped the wheel and took off my pot.

The bottom stayed behind, and when I suggested baking the remnant as a napkin ring she wouldn't let me.

AMBITION'S LAST HOPE

HERE, there and everywhere my name I scrawl—
On public bench and ancient abbey wall—
Urged by an inner voice that seems to say
That I can make my mark no other way. W. K. HOLMES



"... and there's another thing, fella—starch. You'll eat a lot of starch during your vacation in Britain and unless you're mighty careful you'll find superfluous pounds accumulating just where you don't want them. So make a habit of checking your weight regularly..."

ONLY ONE MARATHON

LOOKING back from afar at Helsinki—Murki perhaps for us—I remember not the magnificent Zatopek but Loues and the first Marathon of all—unless you count that famous run by Pheidippides.

Dorando, of course, was great and received a gold cup from royal hands, though not the prize; and of Zatopek one can merely say that if they go on clipping the time like this the day will come when the conqueror's speed is not merely faster than Son (of Korea), but faster than sound.

But even then must Loues remain immortal, for he was a peasant of Greece and ran the old Athenian road, and this, if I am not utterly wrong, would have taken him between Hymettus and Pentelicus, with the chance of meeting Pan on the way. At any rate, when he entered the Stadium—

"The Greek spectators rose as one man, women tore off their jewellery to fling at his feet, a hotel proprietor gave him an order for three hundred and sixty-five free meals, and even a street urchin pressed forward with the promise to black his boots for nothing for the rest of his life."

In that glory, so far as I am concerned, the image of Loues remained and still remains. And I used to speculate now and then on his future career. Did he hang all that jewellery on some lowly peasant bride?

Or wear it himself about his neck, and hands, and ears, as he sat for a full year's feasting on whatever of ambrosia and nectar an Olympic victor is likely to attain in an Athenian hotel? And what happened to him afterwards when the full year had run its course?

For I do not think he went back to training. Even in the frugal years that followed, when all the gold was spent and nothing but the splendour of his boots was left to remind him of that summer day in 1896, he would not, I fancy, have cared to run again, since any triumph would be an anti-climax. Perhaps, indeed, his memory would grow hazy, he would become garrulous, and think that he too had not only run to Athens but fought against the Persians and climbed hills and swum rivers to take a message to the Spartan army, so tiresome in its delay; and the phrase "And then Miltiades says to me" would keep recurring in his anecdotes, and the faithful street urchin kneeling at his feet would smile at the old man's whim.

But of course I never knew. He may have become a mayor, or a merchant, and won great honours and written his reminiscences, and died an author, or a millionaire, or both.

His time was two hours, fifty-five minutes, twenty seconds—mere loitering compared with Zatopek's, but he helped to make the word "Marathon" really popular, so that we had Marathon chess matches, and Marathon pole-sitting competitions, and Marathon pudding-eating contests for many a long day to come. Whoever may win the Marathon in the future, I shall still see Loues after that glorious ending, hung about with glittering trophies, smiling and waving his hands and eating Herculean banquets day after day.

And his boots. How brightly, how unforgettably they shine. Eternal summer—in my memory—gilds them yet.

EVOK

“ “

ANNA

AN analeptic puts you in good heart:

An anagram makes rat-heel out of leather:
An analytic takes a thing apart:

An anaconda crushes it together.

An analect is part of a selection:

An analogue's a thing you reason from:

An anamnesis is a recollection:

An anapest's the one that goes tiddi-pom.

Anacolutha lack a proper link:

The analgesics put you out of pain:

The anabases climb out of the drink:

The anabaptists pop you in again.

Anacreontics are a kind of song

(Unlike Anna's the name of names for me):

Anna Karenina is immensely long:

And sixteen annas equal one rupee.

P. M. HUBBARD



Impressions of Parliament



Monday, July 26

Some of the things said about Scottish transport in the Commons

House of Lords: to-day might well
Defamation have come under
House of Commons: the Defamation
Scottish Transport

Law their Lordships were discussing. It was made pretty plain by the critics that Scottish transport is in some respects no better than it ought to be—in fact, that it is less efficient than it might be. This was denied, in a general sort of way, by the Government, although it was admitted that a little improvement here and there might not be amiss. Sir THOMAS MOORE made what was generally accepted as a modest request that there should be "some connection" between the timetables of Scottish trains and what actually happened when the train came along. However, as Sir THOMAS has a reputation for leg-pulling, this implied criticism was not taken too much to heart.

A good many aspects of High (and Low) Life came under scrutiny in the Other Place, where that astute student of human nature, Lord JOWITT, was seeking to get abolished the distinction between libel and slander. The occasion was the consideration of the Defamation Bill, a Private Member's measure which had already survived the many perils of a passage through the Commons.

Lord JOWITT thought a slander, which might be repeated before a large audience, ought to be actionable without proof of special damage—even if the change in the law did make possible some "trumpet actions."

But Lord SIMON, in charge of the Bill, resisted the proposal, holding that in our modern society there was a "great deal of horse-talk and gossip conversation about third persons," sometimes sarcastic and prejudiced, which ought not, however, to be too strictly restrained, lest we lose the priceless privilege of free speech. And there was such a thing as being too squeamish.

Lord JOWITT found few supporters, many critics, and, in the end, withdrew his proposal. The same fate befell another amendment to make possible libel actions by "groups of persons distinguishable by race, creed or colour." There was general sympathy with the object of this proposal, but the House reluctantly agreed that it was almost impossible to devise a form of words that could give effect to it. The Committee stage of the Bill was completed.

Lord ALEXANDER, the Minister of Defence, read a statement about the war in Korea, which Mr. NIGEL BIRCH, his Parliamentary Secretary,



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Asquith (Blackburn, W.)

also read to the Commons. Both Houses were struck by the fact that in a period when officially it was "all quiet on the Korean front" shells and mortar-bombs by the tens of thousands were being fired and the casualties were mounting.

Since the armistice talks began a year ago, United Nations casualties have totalled more than 80,000, including 16,000 killed. Of these, United Kingdom casualties numbered about 1,300.

There was a notable lack of enthusiasm over the appointment of a British Major-General to the staff of General Mark Clark, U.N. Supreme Commander in Korea—not because of any lack of faith in the Major-General, but because (since he is to be a Staff Officer) it did not seem to meet the demand for closer political consultation between the British Government and the

U.N. Command. But Mr. BIRCH said all that sort of thing was taken care of in Washington, where our Ambassador and a military mission were located. Mr. SHINWELL said: "H'm!"

Tuesday, July 29

It was evident that to-day was going to be noisy in the House of Commons. There was an excited, almost hilarious

mood on the Opposition benches, and it found an early climax in a brush between Mr. WOODROW WYATT and the Prime Minister.

Mr. WYATT felt compelled to appeal to the P.M. "at his time of life" to abstain from "cheap demagogic gestures"—such as the voluntary cut in Cabinet Ministers' salaries. The P.M. replied that Mr. W. was a good judge of such gestures, and added blandly that they did not always come off when he made them. This mild *tu quoque* delighted the P.M.'s side.

Then, as a sort of curtain-raiser to the big debate on the country's economic and financial situation, Mr. CHURCHILL announced that, in November, there is to be a Commonwealth conference in London on economic affairs generally.

Mr. ELLIS SMITH, detecting an attack on the ancient right of redress of grievances before Supply, nearly sank the whole debate by demanding an undertaking from the Chair that, if the Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill—formally the business of the day—were allowed to go through "on the nod," nobody would lose any rights thereby. When what looked like being a stormy little debate seemed to be developing on this point, Mr. SMITH suddenly compromised and let it go, on the understanding that no precedent were created.

And so to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. BUTLER (quite contrary to expectations) had a moderately cheerful story to tell. We were on the way to balancing



"I'm more interested in schedule-keeping than record-breaking."

our accounts with the trading world—"so far, so good." We aimed to export twice as much coal next year as this. There was to be a "new pattern" in the defence effort, which would release more of the engineering industry's production for export.

This brought Mr. ANEVRIN BEVAN sharply to his feet—this being his favourite subject—but an intensive, if brief, cross-examination of the Chancellor yielded no more details. "Wait," said the Chancellor, "and see!"

The fact that we looked like being in balance by the year's end, said Mr. BUTLER, was evidence of the inherent strength of the nation—but, that achieved, we must seek some solution of our problems that would endure.

We must, for instance, produce more all round, and do without wage and income increases unless they were matched by higher output. We must think no longer in

terms of restrictions, but of *expanding* trade. We must enlarge our ideas and kindle our imaginations. We must produce more home-grown food—sixty per cent more than pre-war, especially meat.

We must not price ourselves out of the export markets, for if we did we should risk bankruptcy.

This peroration was a good deal interrupted by cries from the Opposition benches, and when he had put his notes away Mr. BUTLER turned sternly to the benches opposite with a sharp impromptu rebuke. "If we fail," he said, sombrely, "we fail together!" Then he added: "If we *succeed*—we succeed together!"

That unstudied addition seemed to most of his hearers to be the perfect summary of the whole speech.

Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL complained that the speech was an "amazing anti-climax"—a series of platitudes, in fact. He enjoyed himself recalling the forebodings of

Mr. CHURCHILL about "treacherous trap-doors" and "alarms and alerts" and so on. But he was not entirely convinced that the new *cheerfulness* was all that authentic, either.

And so into a debate which, on the whole, was cheerful and hopeful, but which contained some forecasts that were neither. The general impression was one of relief that things were not, apparently, worse.

Mr. ASHETON wanted to make people work harder, but not by nagging at them, by making it worth their while to do so. Lower Taxation was his cry—a plan that can be relied upon to commend itself to Members.

But there was general agreement that it was a good thing to have such a debate on the eve of the summer recess, so that the nation—and the world—might know the best and the worst before the Nation's Sounding Board fell silent for a time.

AT THE PLAY

King Henry the Sixth, Part Three (OLD VIC)—*Lion's Corner* (ST. MARTIN'S)

FOR two exciting weeks the Old Vic has been rocked to its venerable foundations by the Wars of the Roses. The purplest passions of York and Lancaster, so incomprehensible in history-books, have been brought back memorably to life. After deserved applause had raised the curtain time and again at the end of the first night of *King Henry the Sixth, Part Three*, I was so lost in dark villainy, in plots and murder and the gnashing of feudal teeth that it was a physical shock to go out into the Waterloo Road and find buses, and no embattled swordsmen.

This all too brief visit, now over, by the Birmingham Repertory Company was indeed a challenge to London, where the play had not been produced for nearly thirty years. Basically, this is an historical thriller about a human menagerie, from which poor feeble Henry, chivvied by a man-eating wife and sick to death of the miserable business of civil war, stands out as the only enlightened mind. But what a wonderfully sinister menagerie is conveyed in bold poster-strokes of

bloody intrigue! Episode on episode showing the double-crossing game played in italics by mediaeval masters make us thankful that, whatever the larger menace now, private life at least has grown a little less impossible. According to the professors this play was probably a team-job, only revised and decorated by SHAKESPEARE; one's own ear confirms the fine passages of York's scorn and Henry's melancholy as his. But whoever its author, it makes a singularly stirring evening when acted with the vigour and assurance of the Birmingham Company, which remained staunchly on the attack for three furious hours.

Mr. DOUGLAS SEALE marshalled the busy narrative with an imagination that reached brilliance in his idea of closing with Crookback's speech from the beginning of *King Richard the Third*; for Crookback is the most interesting character, and his mounting ambition is all the time underlined. The link fits so well that it is hard to believe it was not wrought by SHAKESPEARE with an eye to the future. Clever lighting

allowed Mr. FINLAY JAMES' simple architectural set to serve both conference and battle—an important point when the opposing leaders habitually met, as it were, in the clubhouse before going out to the first tee. The fights were robust, and a liberal use of drums beat up expectancy. Birmingham should be very proud of players who maintain such a good and level standard and speak verse with so much gusto. Mr. JACK MAY gave remarkable dignity to Henry, the broken philosopher beset by sharks, and Mr. EDGAR WREDFORD's Warwick was a powerful portrait of a ruthless statesman. Men would have followed Mr. ALAN BRIDGES' York and Mr. BASIL HENSON's Edward, and all the later devilry of Crookback was subtly foreshadowed by Mr. PAUL DANEMAN. As Margaret, the French wasp, Miss ROSALIND BOXALL went through the play in a long sting of venomous passion.

Lion's Corner, about a storm in a B.A.O.R. teacup, lasted for one night, and that seemed far too long. How such a piece could ever have arrived in London is the latest of the theatre's baffling mysteries. Gallant work by Miss DORIS HARE and Mr. GARRY MARSH was swamped in the kind of facetious ineptitude that might just keep a pierhead audience quiet on a very wet afternoon.

Recommended

The Deep Blue Sea (Duchess) is Rattigan's best full-length play. Alec Guinness shows chameleon brilliance in *Under the Sycamore Tree* (Aldwych), an ant satire on all of us. *Winter Journey* (St. James's) makes excellent theatre of an unconvincing story, and in *Sweet Madness* (Vaudeville) psycho-analysis is ragged with wit. ERIC KEOWN



Richard—MR. PAUL DANEMAN

Edward—MR. BASIL HENSON

Henry VI—MR. JACK MAY



at the PICTURES



The Sound Barrier—We're Not Married

DISRESPECTFUL though it may be to say so, I find myself regarding *The Sound Barrier* (Director: DAVID LEAN) somewhat as I regarded Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin*, as a skillfully-constructed edifice of tried and tested effects and devices that were never known to fail with an audience. It's arguable too that there's another point of resemblance; the fact that the strength of some of the most powerful moments in both—comic in the old film, exciting in the new one—may be traced to something very like unreasoning, instinctive physical and nervous reaction. I am thinking now particularly of the sound of a jet aircraft engine, that high, ever higher, whining crescendo scream which seems from second to second as if it is on the point of becoming absolutely unbearable and is described by an enthusiast in the picture as "the most exciting sound in the world." If all the film's effects were on this level it could not be regarded as very valuable aesthetically, though it could still (I don't deny) knock any audience cold, but in fact it has a great deal more even apart from those other calculated dramatic certainties referred to above. It has a strong central theme of developing suspense, the passionate search for and progress towards a speed faster than sound; it has documentary interest of various kinds connected with the mechanics and the process of flying; it makes great play with all the usual drama

inherent in the masterful-father situation; it has much bright dialogue, as well as a certain amount just stuck in for a cheap laugh ("Cairo? Don't tell the wife"); and it is throughout well acted, though RALPH RICHARDSON as the masterful father himself, with the main acting plums, makes it seem like his pudding altogether. But above all,



(*We're Not Married*)
Mr. America—FRED ALLEN

as I implied, it has been built by a very experienced craftsman (TERENCE RATTIGAN wrote it) in such a way as to play on the feelings of an audience to the utmost possible effect, with two or three separate approaches to the climax, each more exciting than the last, until finally—*wham!* It can't miss.

They did *A Letter to Three Wives*, which won universal good opinions, and they did *Three Husbands*, which in my view had more good in it than was generally thought; now they have done *We're Not Married* (Director: EDMUND GOULDING), which deals with five couples who find after two and a half years that their marriages were illegal. The five episodes are linked by the Justice of the Peace who caused the

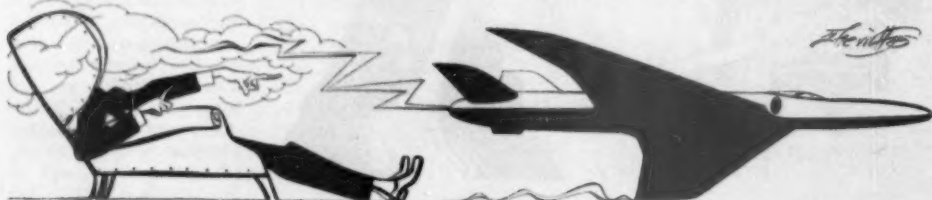
trouble by starting to marry people before he was qualified. The tone of much of the picture is very like that of the earlier ones, but the trouble with this is that it is all softened at the end, rounded off perfunctorily in a mush of wedding bells so as to avoid a charge of cynicism. Before that, however, there has been much very amusing and well-done comedy, particularly in the first and longest episode, which involves GINGER ROGERS and FRED ALLEN as a husband-and-wife radio team who loathe each other but make a handsome salary by being a loving couple on the air. Luckily the brilliantly acid satire in this is too sharp to be dissipated by a hasty final shot suggesting that the pair really didn't mean it after all. The only dyed-in-the-wool sentimental episode (soldier going overseas, wife about to have a baby) is put last, to give simple fans the comfortable impression that it is the theme of the whole picture. But I know which bit I want to see again.

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In a crowd of new ones the only thing I have seen so far is *Where's Charley?*, an extraordinary mess of slapstick, singing and dancing, and archness beneath which are discernible portions of *Charley's Aunt*.

Top of the releases: the R.A.F. story *Angels One Five* (2/4/52). An entertaining reissue is *The Guinea Pig* (10/11/48).

RICHARD MALLETT



Machina Ex Deo
"J.R."—SIR RALPH RICHARDSON

(*The Sound Barrier*)



Booking Office



American Portraits

The Hoover Memoirs: Vol. I. Hollis and Carter, 35/-

The Forrestal Diaries. Edited by Walter Millis. Cassel, 25/-

Structure of American Life. W. Lloyd Warner. Edinburgh University Press, 18/-

ITS acid comments on Europe and, in particular, on Britain are likely to distract attention from the merits of the first volume of *The Hoover Memoirs*. It is very well written and, though rarely witty, its sardonic phrasing gives the same kind of pleasure as wit. It has variety of scene and a good deal of new information. Mr. Hoover rose from a poor Iowa boy to the highest paid consulting engineer in the world. His early chapters give a pleasant and exciting picture of prospecting, mining and reconstructing the finances of companies. When the first world war came he surrounded himself with fellow-engineers and fed the invaded populations of Western Europe. After America's entry into the war he returned home as Food Controller and, with the Armistice, took over the enormous problems of European relief and reconstruction.

Mr. Hoover, working with volunteers from the business world, succeeded in solving the immediate difficulties and enabled American idealism and generosity to save great numbers of lives. Where his method failed was with problems that were essentially political. His attacks on foreigners for dishonesty, imperialism and archaic behaviour introduce the proposition that the only thing to do with them is to organize them for their own good or leave them completely alone: Wilson's peace-making was doomed to failure. The next volume will presumably show Mr. Hoover finding that even at home it was impossible to ignore politics and that some problems cannot be solved by technology because they are rooted in the irrationality of man. Mr. Hoover is part of the folklore of the Slump; it is a good thing to be reminded of his success in handling the first relief scheme of Continental scope. However irritating parts of his apologia may be to the benighted British, we can at least admire and enjoy its skill and pungency.

The Forrestal Diaries take the theme forward a quarter of a century. James Forrestal was Secretary of the Navy at the end of the second world war and later Secretary of Defence. The records he left behind were not continuous diaries but detached memoranda of important conversations and reflections. Mr. Walter Millis has linked them together with an ample commentary: once the reader is used to the form of the book it becomes readable enough.

Forrestal had been a successful operator on Wall Street and he approached government work as a business man. He complains that it would all be much simpler if foreign aid were paid over to foreign business men and not to States. He was a tough administrator,

a skilled wooer of Congress and an early advocate of unified defence, naval autonomy, national service and standing up to the Russians. On being virtually dismissed from office he committed suicide. The Diaries are full of interesting material about the American system of government and the first stages of the cold war, some of it rather surprising to find in print so soon after the event.

The words of statesmen throw light on what happened but only rarely on why. Professor Lloyd Warner of Chicago, in his Munro Lectures at Edinburgh, tried to go deeper than any politician who valued his skin would be likely to attempt. *Structure of American Life* shows what kind of a people Mr. Hoover and James Forrestal led. This is a profound and rather difficult book. The abstract vocabulary and the use of new sociological techniques make it appear to be written in a repulsive jargon. It is not a jargon but a precise, though foreign, language. Professor Warner can even be witty in it. Among many other topics, he discusses the relations of "status" and "process" in American society, the class structure, the decreasing mobility between classes and the importance of symbolic acts in American life. Bigoted readers will pick out the bits that confirm their own favourable or unfavourable impression of the U.S.A. Others will be grateful to an intelligently patriotic American for his discriminating and ruthless summing up. The America that fed the starving is just as real as the America that despised lesser breeds without the law and worshipped the dollar.

R. G. G. PRICE

Marian Evans and George Eliot. Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson. Oxford University Press, 25/-

Hitherto—and oddly enough, seeing that her place is by common consent among the first three or four English novelists of her sex—George Eliot, dead seventy



years and more, has lacked an adequate biography. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson had, therefore, a job worth doing; and very well have they done it. Making full use of the abundant material available they have created a living portrait, informed by sympathy but innocent of flattery, of a most remarkable woman, who, from provincial and evangelical beginnings, progressed, under the momentum of her moral earnestness and the pre-eminent powers of her mind, into the very vanguard of philosophic liberalism, passed through a great emotional crisis, and emerged at last as the most admired novelist of her day. It is an absorbing story, exhibiting the astonishing paradox of a woman deliberately choosing, in the heyday of Victorian propriety, to live in technical sin and yet achieving, through sheer force of personality, and what the Hansons happily call "her abnormal passion for moral rectitude," a position of something like sacrosanctity. Nor is it wanting in comedy.

F. B.

The Traitors. Also Moorehead. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6

Some, it may be, will think that Mr. Moorehead has been too kind to Allan Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs, who emerge from this interesting, even exciting, documentary as deluded and pathetic victims of schizophrenia rather than unmitigated scoundrels. Each in his own way—though both were stricken with intellectual arrogance—was hopelessly ill-equipped to resolve the mental chaos generated by divided loyalties, and drifted, without offering much resistance, into double lives and double dealings. But their treachery is seen also as the almost inevitable end-product of war and cold war and the tragic somersault in Russia's relations with the West. "Fuchs," says Mr. Moorehead,

"had committed a crime which society is least able to forgive: he had made society distrust itself." The Fuchs case is presented in great detail and contains a highly dramatic reconstruction of the tense cat-and-mouse struggle between the scientist and William Skardon, the investigator. There are also vivid glimpses of Harwell and its inmates.

A. B. H.

Drumbeat. Donald C. Eyre. *Robert Hale*, 10/6

How the swords clash, and how the rifle-butts smash, how the sabres rattle and the soldiers shout and the shots come flying inspiringly through the air. There is no possible doubt whatever that this novel of the Peninsular War is exciting stuff—almost to the point of over-exhausting the reader. It tells how Captain O'Donnell and a band of British prisoners escape from captivity and join forces against the French with a Spanish guerrilla leader, who wants his men to be trained in the ways of discipline. O'Donnell (a magnificent and tenderly drawn character) has greatness thrust upon him, and becomes the general of a rapscallion army. His humility and nervous courage are the servants of the men he commands, and his training turns him into a brilliant leader. There are other notable characters and there is a fair-haired Spanish girl who loves the hero, and is, of course, rescued by him, but she is nearly as violent in her emotions as the fighters are violent in action.

B. E. B.

SHORTER NOTES

Tirich Mir: The Norwegian Himalaya Expedition. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 21/-. The story, admirably and fully illustrated, of the successful attempt of a party of Norwegian climbers to plant their national flag, together with those of Britain, Pakistan and the United Nations, on the previously unconquered summit of 25,000-ft. Tirich Mir, the loftiest peak in the Hindu Kush.

A Buyer's Market. Anthony Powell. *Heinemann*, 12/6. Further episodes in the life of Jenkins, narrator of *A Question of Upbringing*: social occasions in London in the late nineteenth-century. The style has grown much more ponderously facetious, and shows the influence of Henry James; is this Jenkins' style or Mr. Powell's? But the narrative is often very amusing.

Down to the Lion. J. C. Trewin. *Carroll and Nicholson*, 15/-. Second instalment of the discursive autobiography that began with "Up From the Lizard." Vivid re-creation of happiness—childhood in Cornwall, journalism, playgoing. Attractive mixture of odd information and remembered delights. Combines gusto with sensibility.

The Dark Island. Henry Treese. *Gollancz*, 12/6. A profound thankfulness that the Romans invaded us when they did is the predominating sentiment with which one lays down this novel of Celtic Britain versus Claudius and his legions. Mr. Treese's Tennysonian imagination and pellucid style are cruelly tasked to revive and depict the Aztec humours of our sun-worshipping ancestors.

The Lady by Candlelight. J. Bissell Thomas. *Heinemann*, 12/6. An amorous nobleman, with more than his ration of entanglement with mediaeval charmers in dreams, is the star of this novel, ably supported by a comic Hungarian maid. Characters, scenes, atmosphere well done; general effect that of listening, as a stranger, to people who all know each other's allusions.

The Tiger in the Smoke. Margery Allingham. *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6. Grim but elegant thriller with Mr. Campion rather subdued and the police taking the limelight. Plenty of excitement, physical, psychological and even theological. Fear and violence in fogbound London. Can be enjoyed by fans of Edgar Wallace or of Mr. Graham Greene. Slight signs of strain at this intended inclusiveness. Best when purest Allingham.



SAGES.

"How much longer have you got to look after Mrs. Brown's confounded cat?"

POST-MORTEM

To: THE MANAGING DIRECTOR

From: J. POTTS, ACCOUNT

EXECUTIVE

Subject: MESSRS. "APEX" HIGH-SPEED NOODLE-WEIGHERS LTD.

Now that these clients have told us that they are placing their advertising in the hands of another agency, it may be as well to consider what went wrong on Thursday.

Looking back, and bearing in mind that the above firm has been making noodle-weighers for over half a century, it is clear that something like Thursday's meeting was bound to happen, sooner or later. Makers of noodle-weighing machinery are, after all, plain, straightforward men. They are not (as the senior partner mentioned at our first meeting) making either cigarettes or lipstick. He was quite explicit about this, you may remember, and added that any advertising we did for their noodle-weighers would have to get right down to brass tacks and stay there. I made a particular note of this.

I saw, in fact, right from the start, that my first concern in contacting this client must be to get across to him our serious and down-to-earth approach. You, I think, appreciated, if no one else did, that my adoption of a cloth cap and celluloid collar were useful contributions to this end. Had there been a little team-work in the matter of getting, so to speak, into the skin of a noodle-weigher manufacturer, instead of its being left entirely to me, things might have turned out differently.

As it was, I found myself becoming more and more anxious each time he decided to come and see us, and with good reason. Naturally, I always took care to see that our people got ample warning. To be found, as we were on Thursday, with the Art Director reading those American magazines and still in his velvet jacket, the coconut matting not down, and Miss Higgs only just replacing Miss Poodlecut at the reception desk, probably



"Mine's an 'Imperial Hotel. Not To Be Taken On Beach'."

reopened in the client's mind the whole question of our suitability for tackling his very specialized marketing problems—though it would have been reopened soon enough, I agree, by our creative people at the meeting.

I need hardly say that I am more doubtful than ever about letting creative staff meet the client. I am not thinking chiefly of clothes. I am thinking of people like the stout visualizer with the Austrian accent, whose noodle-weigher drawings came in for so much criticism. It is true that some of the client's objections showed a niggling and

unimaginative spirit. I am not saying that our man actually argued with him, either; but repeatedly to smite one's forehead with the flat of one's hand and walk to the window does not help to make a client feel the meeting is on his side. When, in addition, he sees that the Art Director has his face buried in his arms for minutes on end he does not have to be an imaginative man to start wondering whether (a) the sales of his noodle-weighers are as near to our hearts as, for instance, getting his approval on our layouts, and (b) a high-speed noodle-weigher is anything more to some of our

studio people than another piece of machinery that looks much the same either way up.

Due weight must be allowed to these factors in accounting for the client's subsequent brusque announcement, but the principal blame rests, in my view, squarely upon the copy people. It is no use the Chief Copywriter's saying that putting over the selling-points of a high-speed noodle-weigher in a few words is no easy task, and that having one's headlines and copy themes turned down flat gets pretty galling after a time. This may explain, but cannot excuse, his outburst. We none of us needed reminding, for instance, of our disappointing experience with "*Weighing the Nation's Noodles is Child's Play Now, Thanks to the 'Apex' High-Speed Noodle-Weigher! Say These Birmingham Girl Operatives,*" after so much work had gone into it. Rightly or wrongly, it did not strike the client as getting to grips with the subject; nor did "*Synonymous With High-Speed Noodle-Weighing Since 1883,*" nor our more restrained "*Acclaimed by Users Everywhere,*" nor, indeed, our even more restrained "*Built by Experts.*" If the Chief Copywriter felt he must refresh the client's memory of these abortive efforts, in that unfortunate declamatory manner of his, he might still have had more sense

than to bring up our ill-advised attempt at the light touch, "*The Quickest 'Weigh' with Noodles.*"

This particular error of judgment originated with one of our trainees, who will shortly be leaving us, as also (I am told) did that pencil sketch which somehow got in with the layouts. I have no wish to exaggerate the effect of this. The client may or may not have realized that it was not, in fact, a suggested advertisement; but, in my view, no drawing entitled "*High-Speed Noodles, or Contact-men, versus Low-Speed Noodles, or Studio Men: a Typical Agency Scene*" was calculated to fortify his confidence in us at this juncture—even if the expression shown on the football had not been so recognizably that on his own face as he got up to get his hat and coat. It was, I think you will agree, the expression of a man who had looked for a sincere concern for the sales of his noodle-weighers and failed to find it.

The moral is clear. What we have yet to learn, as an agency, is to identify ourselves wholeheartedly with the client and his product. If we have done this by the time we start work next month on the "*Excelsior*" Gravity Doughnut-Chute the experience may not have been wasted.

MUST I GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN?

IN spite of what Mr. Massfield may say
I cannot display
The least enthusiasm for flung spray,
Nor, as the reader will readily assume,
For blown spume.

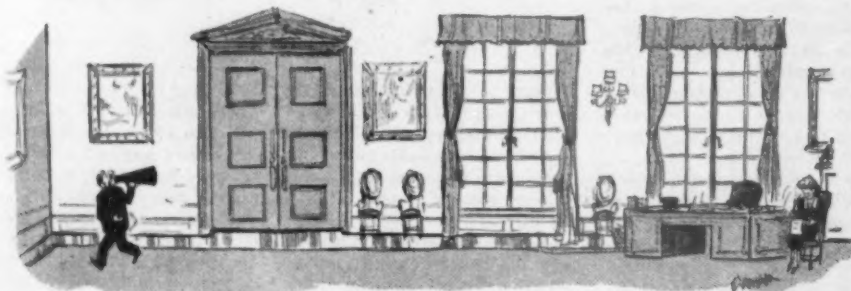
When the wind's like a whetted knife
I tend to lose interest in life.

A grey mist on the sea's face
Seems to me conspicuously out of place.

As for a grey dawn breaking—
Anyone can have it for the taking.

Furthermore (with all due respects
To the B.B.C.'s effects)
I find the sea-gulls' crying
Trying.
Likewise the white clouds flying.

Altogether
In this sort of weather
What I deplore most about the seaside
Is its regrettable lack of a leaside.
E. V. M.



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Cook....store....chill....serve.... in 'PYREX'

COOK...STORE...CHILL...SERVE... all in the same piece of 'Pyrex' brand oven-to-table glass — or in the lovely 'Pyrex' Flameware. It saves so much time and trouble; and whether the food has to be cooked or not before it is chilled, every summer meal seems surprisingly more refreshing when it is served in cool-looking 'Pyrex'

ON YOUR TABLE
A cold meal served on glass. A 24-piece dinner service, for example, 60/3 the set, in 'Pyrex' oven-to-table glass

EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR 'COLD COOKING'

There are many summer dishes you can cook, store, chill and serve in this round, streamlined 'Pyrex' casserole — veal and ham, meat, fish or egg pastry dishes. Serve cold and serve your salad in the lid. Complete casserole, 2½ pt. size 7/3

SO EASILY CLEANED



SMOOTH FINISH



'Pyrex' oblong pie dish. From the oven, to the refrigerator, to the table — it's the one kind of dish that cooks better and looks better. Especially when it contains, say, a cherry pie. You can see the fruit so clearly through glistening 'Pyrex' glass! 1 pt. capacity 3/-

ECONOMICALLY PRICED



Gooseberries, black currants, blackberries — so many delicious soft fruits in season mean so many more uses for a 'Pyrex' pudding dish... for summer pudding, and, of course, for galantined summer savouries and potted meats. 1½ pt. capacity 2/6

See 'Pyrex' Ovenware, 'Pyrex' Flameware and 'Pyrex' Colourware: countrywide distribution

look for the name



'PYREX'

Regd. Trade Mark

BRAND

the *(original)* oven-to-table glassware

JAMES A JOBLING AND COMPANY LIMITED WEAR GLASS WORKS SUNDERLAND

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF 'PYREX' GLASS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

His Lordship's in town for a ball
And he stays at his flat, which is
small.
There just isn't room
For a toilet or groom,
So he's had to install a TECAL.



- Makes tea or coffee automatically while you sleep
- Calls you when it's brewed
- Gives correct time
- Provides shaving water
- Attractive lamp lights

Price 11 Guineas from Best Retailers

Hawkins TECAL Details on request from
L. G. Hawkins & Co., Ltd., 30-35, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

Stock of over
three million
volumes

New, secondhand
and rare Books on
every subject

Foyles Record Dept. for
H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca
Long-Playing and all other makes.

Subscriptions taken for British
and overseas magazines and we
have a first-class Postal Library

We BUY Books, Stamps, Coins.

119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Carraid 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (inc. Sat.)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Ct. Rd.

Insist on *Chunzle*
Quality



Art Dessert
CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

Keep fresh as a Daisy!
... in breath and body

Your breath tells all ... or nothing.
Amplex chlorophyll tablets freshen
breath in seconds, banishing all
taints from food, alcohol, or tobacco.
Amplex also gives day-long protection
from body odours by removing
them safely, certainly, harmlessly
within the body. Miracle Amplex
chlorophyll is nature's own purifier,
the wonder ingredient that keeps

flowers and green plant life fresh.
Doctors and dentists recommend it,
millions use it. Take an Amplex
every morning for basic freshness.
Take another as the need arises.

AMPLEX
the world's only Gordon Young U.V. Activated
CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

TRIAL SIZE 6d. / 1/9 FOR 30 TABLETS / 5/3 FOR 100 TABLETS

NEW! AMPLEX CHLOROPHYLL TOOTH POWDER 1/- Whiter Teeth ... Healthier Mouth

Here's News!
KIRBIGRIPS
with CUSHION TIPS!



D.
Open card
(incl. P.T.)

Slick and easy, their velvet-smooth
rips are kind to fingers, scalp and hair.
THEY'RE IN THE STORES NOW!

Made in England by

KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD.,
Birmingham, London, Redditch and Paris

Drill it Tamer
WITH A
MASON MASTER

Concrete, brick, marble and
tiles—you can drill all building
materials in half the time
with a Mason Master
Carbide Tipped Drill.

PLASTIC RYMPLOUS expand readily
—join easily and give a permanent
"grip". In handy packs from
your ironmonger or write for
samples to Dept. T.

JOHN M. PERKINS & SMITH LTD.
LONDON ROAD, BRAUNSTON, NR. RUGBY

GOOD WINE OUT OF THE ORDINARY



Madeira



SERIAL. Dry
Perfect before dinner

BUAL. Rich
The dessert Madeira

MALMSEY
Full and luscious

Washdays a bore —
leave it to

Thor

AUTOMATIC
WASHING MACHINES

does more—better!



THOR APPLIANCES LTD., 64-66 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.



Heal's hand-made bedding

Now, for the first time since before the war, we can again offer our very finest hand-made bedding.

We particularly recommend: Heal's best white hair mattresses, filled with long curled white hair and covered with white swansdown material. Our best white French mattresses also provide luxurious softness: they are stuffed with fine white fleece wool and white hair. These mattresses give the maximum comfort when combined with a flexible edge box-spring, or Heal's Sommer Elastique Portatif. Please write for our illustrated Bedding Catalogue, which shows our large selection of bedding at all prices.

In our own factory we remake and recover divans, box-springs and mattresses. We can also convert your mattress to a spring interior type. May we send you our folder "Remaking Bedding?"

HEAL & SON

Makers of fine bedding since 1810

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON W.1. TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 1664



Last ball before lunch, Sir

— says OLD HETHERS

That's my cue to set up thirteen large, refreshing glasses of Robinson's Barley Water. The rest of the batting side, Sir? Why, they've been enjoying Robinson's all morning! I can see the umpires heading this way too—trust them to make a good decision.

Robinson's

Lemon or Orange

BARLEY WATER

There's a
HARVEST of HEALTH
in Barley Water

happy
relationships



WITH **DAVID WHITEHEAD**

fabrics

Send for address of nearest stockist to:

D. WHITEHEAD LTD., HIGHER MILL, RAWTENSTALL, LANCs.

EDW 128

Everything
under
control



The cooker every woman wants
Available at your local Gas Showrooms

INTEREST INCREASED

2¾%

TAX PAID BY SOCIETY

No expenses on investment or withdrawal

Deposits received at 2% the Society paying Income Tax

Write for full particulars

GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY

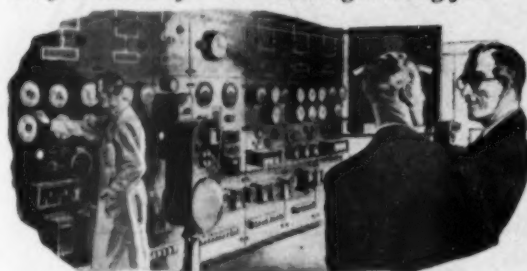
ESTD. 1889

23 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX

Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX
& 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. O. Day)

Phone: 62,000, 62,000; Reserves: £68,000

... and not a penny on battery repairs in 12 years*?
Yes—AND 740 cells in use
What's so special about Nife?
They're made of STEEL—an engineering job



*These are the actual details of the performance of Nife batteries operated by a Municipal Authority.

Every Nife battery is a superb example of precision engineering in steel. This technical perfection is the reason why there is 'longer life in a Nife'—and almost complete freedom from replacement costs.



ROBUST CONSTRUCTION
Made of steel—case and plates—a Nife battery has enormous mechanical strength.

NIFE

COMPLETE RELIABILITY The almost inert electrolyte is actually a steel preservative—so that the battery does not deteriorate even during long periods of inactivity. It will withstand the heaviest rates of charge or discharge—and recover its voltage almost immediately.

SIMPLE MAINTENANCE A Nife is, for all practical purposes, free from self-discharge—the steel plates cannot buckle or shed active material and there is no corrosion of terminals (N.B. Nife Batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

STEEL BATTERIES

REPAY THEIR ORIGINAL COST MANY TIMES OVER

NIFE BATTERIES • REDDITCH • WORCESTERSHIRE

2-499

"... LOST with all hands"

HOW OFTEN the happiness of a fisherman's family ends with those words—and the bereaved wife turns in bitter need to the Deep Sea Mission.

The Mission brings her God's message in her dark hours—provides clothing, aid, food, guidance if required.

The Mission is not state-aided. Its great work depends upon its devoted supporters. Won't you join them?



Write for
FREE PAMPHLET
"Stand by the
Fisherman's Family"

DEEP SEA MISSION

ROYAL NATIONAL MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN
71, R.M.D.S.S. HOUSE, 40, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.1



DESIGN ENGINEERS!

Seamless one-piece METAL BELLOWS



B11

Combining the properties of:

1. A compression spring capable of repeated flexing
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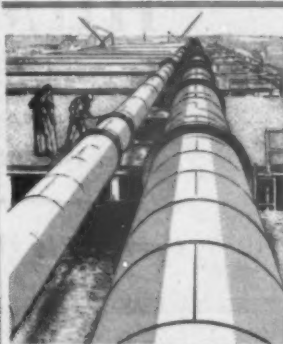
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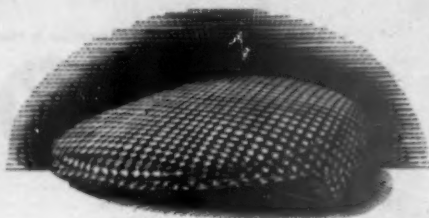
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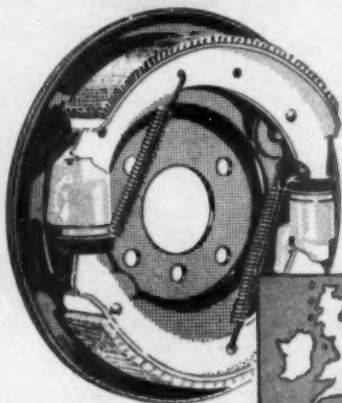
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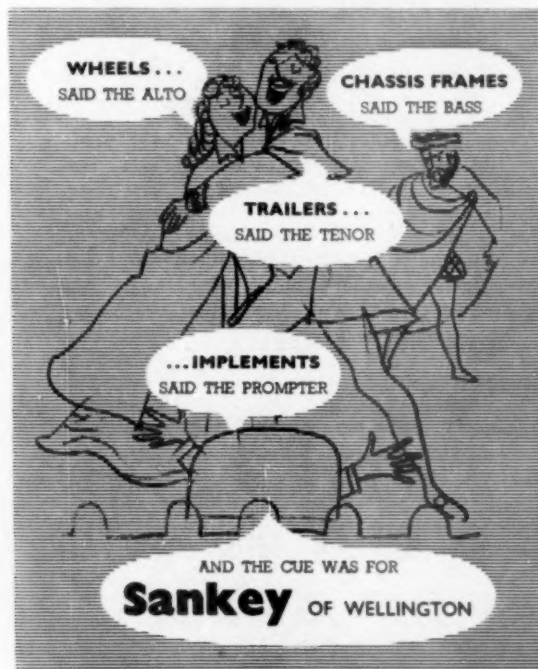
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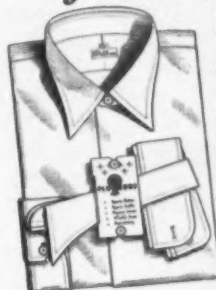


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